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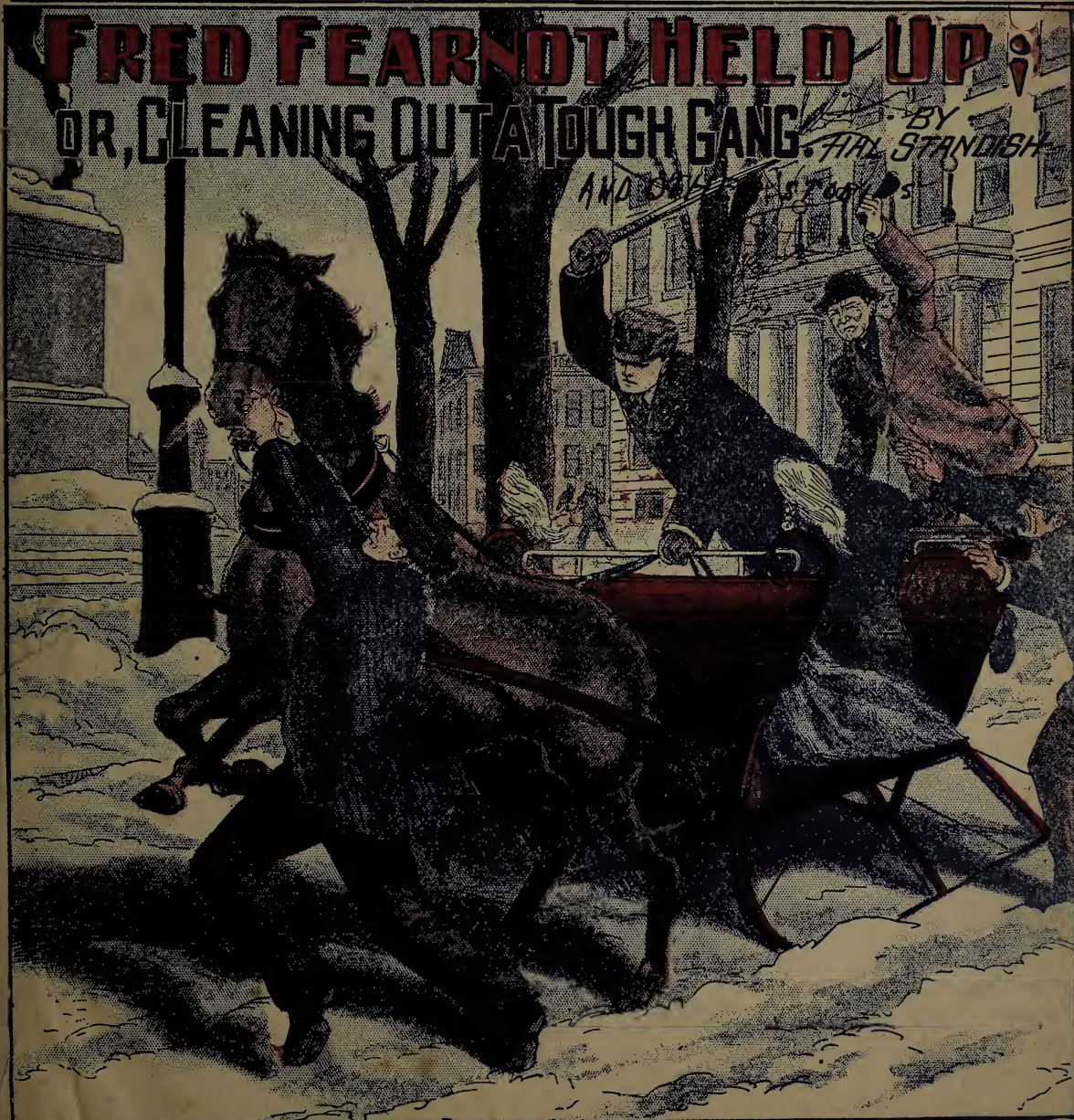
WORK AND WIN

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Fred arose in the sleigh and gave the tough who held the horse a slash with his whip. But the other two rascals were closing in on him. One of them raised a club in his left hand to hurl it at Fred.

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WORK AND WIN

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FRED FEARNOT HELD UP

OR, CLEANING OUT A TOUGH GANG

By HAL STANDISH

CHAPTER I.—Fred and the Tricky Broker.

Fred Fearnot alighted from the train in the Central Station in the big city of New York, and as he struck the platform he drew a long sigh of relief.

"Well," he muttered, "it does seem good to get to the only city on earth. There is no place like home after all. Though, for that matter, I have had a fine time amongst the finest of people. But there is no place like home." In this homily, he walked sharply out of the station and started for Fifth avenue and the home of the Fearnot family. Fred had been on a trip with his chum, Terry Olcott, to the wild parts of New Brunswick, where he had done some skiing and ski jumping among the Canadians and had weathered a couple of blizzards. There was little wonder that, despite the fact that he had enjoyed a good time in the wilds, snow-shoeing and ski jumping, he was glad to see the pavement again and sleep in a bed of his own liking. He was alone, for his chum had parted with him to go to his own home in Fredonia, a pretty town in the upper part of the State. But he had agreed to come down in a few days, and the boys had some business to do in Wall Street.

Fred looked healthy and strong, as if he had been out roughing it, and as he entered the Fearnot mansion he was received by his mother with open arms. She fairly flew at him. "Fred, my boy! I am so glad to see you. Is Terry? I hope that you boys have come to spend a long time."

"Mother dear," laughed Fred, as he kissed her on her face, "you can be sure that we will be in New York for some time. We have a lot of things that will keep us here for some time."

Fred asked about his father, and he learned that Judge Fearnot was in the best of health and would soon be home from the sitting of the term.

"You will be glad to see you, Fred, and this time we will have a nice long walk. The old Fred will seem lively once more when you boys get together here."

"I'll stir up something, mother," laughed Fred. "Now your darling, wandering boy is

hungry as a bear and would be willing to eat hard-tacks if he could get nothing better."

Mrs. Fearnot hastened to give orders to the servants to get up a fine meal, and then Fred went to his room to wash and dress, for it had been some time since he had been able to avail himself of this luxury in his own abode. In due time he came downstairs, looking handsome and fine, and he met and embraced his father and they all went in to dinner. Fred was really hungry, and he proceeded to fill his stomach and he felt decidedly better. After dinner he went into the parlor with his parents and enjoyed a long talk, in which he told them of his and Terry's adventures in New Brunswick. For a couple of days Fred devoted all of his time to his mother, taking her driving and to the theatre. But he then received a message from Middleton, his representative in Wall Street. The broker sent word that there was trouble over a certain stock that he had bought at a figure that he had deemed low at the time. Middleton wrote that the stock was being cornered by a man named Allen, who was known as one of the keenest operators in the Street. Of course this interested Fred, and he realized that he must attend to it at once. So he went down to Wall Street and to the office of Middleton. The broker was delighted to see him and said:

"It just happens to be lucky that you are in New York at this time. It would be hard for you to attend to this without being on the spot. I am sure that Allen has it in for you. He means to bear that stock down until it will be worth nothing."

"Well, we will see about that," said Fred. "I guess that we can arrange to give him all the fun that he wants before we are through."

Fred made a careful inquiry about affairs and he soon had learned all that he wanted to know about the game of Allen, who felt sure was but one of a syndicate. For some time Fred had been certain that there was a cabal against him in the Street and that enemies meant to do him in if they could. But he was not of the kind to yield to opposition, and he at once began to lay his plans to offset those of his enemies. Fearnot had figured in many deals in Wall Street and he had made a name among the operators

for shrewdness, though he was always deemed fair and absolutely honest. Fred's idea of stock operations was of the straightforward kind, and he would not stoop to the mean tricks and dishonest practices that most of the operators did. He was always ready to take advantage of a turn in the market to buy or sell a stock for a profit, but he seldom entered into any pool or game to force a stock up or down to encompass the ruin of a rival. There had been cases where he had been obliged to protect himself and fight out a battle by securing the support of a bank or syndicate, but in these cases his method had always been fair and honest.

Of course, he knew that Wall Street was the home of sharpers and tricksters, but he was determined to avoid their practices. If he could not win by simple speculating and investment then he would have none of it. Fred inquired all about the man Allen, and he learned that he was out to force the price of Great Southern down and that he had really aimed at Fearnot. In fact, it was known that he had boasted that he would do Fearnot and that he would cause Great Southern to sell for nothing a share. At the present time it was quoted at the fair price of twenty dollars a share.

"Fearnot," said Middleton, "I think that if I were you I would drop my holdings in Great Southern and get out of it while there is time. If you remain in it you will have to fight the hardest fight of your career. I am sure that Allen has big backing and there will be a big effort to freeze you and others out."

But Fred set his jaw determinedly.

"That is not my principle, Middleton," he said. "I am not that kind, and when I give up and let a man like Allen force me to the wall I will be ready to give up business. I am determined to retain my interest in Great Southern and I shall endeavor to hold up the price of the stock as long as I can."

Middleton shrugged his shoulders, for he never wanted to dictate to his young client, but he felt that Fred was undertaking a contract that was hard to carry. Allen was well known in the Street and he had won the cognomen of Fighting Joe. He was entitled to it also, for he was known as physically a tough foe, and in other ways as well. Fred had never met him personally, but he knew him by repute and he was not at all afraid of him. But the next morning Fred was on hand, and he was at the ticker as soon as the Exchange opened. He was resolved to be on hand when the fight begun. Middleton was ready to take orders, for his young client was determined to fight to the last. First, Fred received the morning quotations, and he took these down and saw that no move had yet been made to bear the stock beyond the ten-point figure. This showed that Allen was not ready yet to show his hand.

"Well," muttered the young financier, "there is nothing like taking time by the forelock, as a certain well-known philosopher remarked. And I will proceed to do so."

"With that, Fred sent around to several brokers whom he knew and whom he could trust and called them into his office. He then, in confidence, talked with them and said:

"Gentlemen, there is only one way to handle this deal in Great Southern. Of course, Allen

does not yet dream that I am taking any great interest in that stock. He is waiting for the right time to throw it on the market. It is certain that I must have the stock to deliver as fast as he buys on the reaction. Also I must buy as fast as he piles it onto the market. Now if I have plenty of it on hand in the first place I will be forearmed, and that is half the fight. It would take more money than I have to buy that amount of stock outright, but I want you to each go to the bankers and others who hold this Great Southern stock and secure options for thirty days at a price several points above the market price. This will be easy, for almost anyone will be willing to sell the option on stock that is going down when several points advance is offered. Do you understand my plan?"

Broker May, one of Fred's warmest friends and admirers, spoke up:

"I see that you are all right, Fearnot. Thirty days will be all right, for that will give you really the control of the stock for that time and it is hardly likely that Allen or anybody else can hold out in such a movement all that time. He will go broke before that time and then if you do not want to take up all the options, you can simply sacrifice what you have paid on them with the interest."

"You have the idea, May," said Fred with satisfaction. "It is the right game. You see that I can advance the price if I choose by manipulation as high as I please and the profit will make up for the amount that I will lose on giving up my options."

It was seen to be a clever plan and would surely prevail against Allen, but all depended upon securing the options and keeping the affair eternally secret. But Fred did not believe that there was a traitor in the bunch of brokers and that they would all work for him, for their commissions would mean a small fortune for each. There was need of quick work, and at once the brokers went out and quietly each took a banker, and before noon they had secured an immense amount of stock on options. In some cases, Fred bought outright, for he was in for it now and the rise of Great Southern was important to him. He was bound to make a big profit as well as outwitting Allen. So it happened that before noon, Fred had sufficient stock on hand that he owned and had options on to give him the control. He was elated, for he knew that he held the winning card. He was assured that Allen was making plans for a big coup in Great Southern, and that he had bought the stock in the open market and was ready to throw big blocks of it on the market at the right moment. It happened that Allen was so sure of his game that he made an open boast to some friends that he would have Fearnot's scalp, financially, before the week was out. This was brought to Fred by one who heard it, and Fred only smiled.

"That is a pleasant thing to know," he said. "I am not afraid of him, and barking dogs do not bite. Let the fun begin."

An hour later, into Middleton's office strolled a man who would attract attention anywhere. He was big and tall and had powerful shoulders. Middleton at once arose and shook hands with him in an affable way.

road
idend

"Well, you
ing of me."

"How much have you?"

"Thirty thousand shares."

Fred shook his head.

"I do not see it," he said. "I would not pay that much. I prefer to wait. There will be a turn in that stock soon."

Now the whole game of the shrewd speculator had been to feel of Fred and ascertain if he really had a good opinion of Great Southern and if he would really stand by it. He now began to talk in a pessimistic way about the stock, and with that, Fred, who saw through his game, extolled the stock to the skies. In fact, Allen thought that he was fooling Fearnot, but in reality, he was getting fooled himself. But Allen finally took his leave, and after he had gone Middleton leaned back in his chair and laughed until his sides ached.

"Fearnot," he said, "you are a wonder. You have him completely guessing. He thinks that he has the best of it, but you have him all wound up. In less than two days he will be the sorest and sickest man in all Street, and he deserves it."

"You know well enough, Middleton," said Fred, "that it is not my way to play such mean games. I am simply acting on the defense. He has announced his intent to do me and I am on my guard. If he gets done he can not say that it is my fault."

"It will be his own fault. I am glad that you have got him. Now we can sit back and watch the fun."

And, in fact, this is what did happen. The next day Allen came right out boldly and threw his blocks on the market and forced the stock down to a very low figure. In fact, it sold once at the small figure of eight dollars. All the

the present in

"Yes, all that I can get of it is fifty-four thousand shares on hand myself, and that is the control. Now if you want to sell yours I will take them at the present price of eight dollars."

Allen gasped and stared at Fred as if he could not believe his senses. He could not believe it.

"Where did you get all that stock?" he demanded.

"That is my own affair. I have it and now I am going to buy all that is offered and corner it. If any man on the market is short of it, as I suspect you are, he will have to pay a price to suit me to get it. Now, Mr. Allen, this is a game that two can play at. Go right ahead if you wish. But I happen to know that you have got to have forty thousand shares of this stock to deliver within four days, and how you are going to get it is a matter that you will have to settle with some one else besides me.

Allen was white as a sheet. He would not believe Fred, and he ran out of the office and to the Exchange as fast as he could. It was true that he had contracts to deliver forty thousand shares of the stock within four days, and he had sold the stock, so he could not deliver that amount. It meant simply that he must buy and pay the price that might be asked for it.

CHAPTER II.—Tracked by Foes.

Within two hours, Great Southern stock went up ten points. At three o'clock it was quoted at twenty-two, the highest point that it had ever reached. It kept soaring. There was a panic in

...at he would
...started again, and he
sent a messenger over to his office, asking him to
come over and see him. But Allen was in a bad
state of mind and returned an uncivil answer to
the effect that he would yet get square with
Fred. This was all that Fred could do, so he was
obliged to let the matter rest. But all who knew
the real facts in the case declared that Fred had
a right to break the scheming broker, and most
every one was glad of it. It was known that
Allen had broken many men in a dishonest way
and that he should now get a dose of his own
medicine was gratifying to them.

"You need not reproach yourself, Fearnot,"
said Broker May. "You fought him fairly, and
for that he was out to do you. Really, it was
simply self-defense on your part."

"Well, I think that is true, May, but I do not
like to be the means of completely ruining a man.
I would be glad to start him again if he would
only agree not to have hard feelings against me."

This, however, was declared to be foolish senti-
ment among the brokers, who knew the Wall
Street game of give and take, and several of
them told Fred that Allen would surely get on
his feet and that he would be sure to make an-
other attempt to get square with him.

"You are not done with him yet, Fearnot. I
advise you to be on your guard," said a prom-
inent broker. So Fred dropped the matter, but
a few nights after, when he got home, he found a
letter on his desk that gave him a surprise. It
read:

"Mr. Fred Fearnot:—You are at the top just
now, but take warning that it will be only for a

...yet
...ly his
...course, that
...edonia, but he
... away from me so long
before he would come, for I really am
lonely without him. He is the best friend in the
world, and if anything comes out of all these
threatening letters, I will need his counsel and
assistance."

Thus matters were, when one day Fred had
occasion to visit at a tenement that he owned
over on the East Side, and he reached there
about noon. He went into the tenement, which
was occupied by honest mechanics and their fam-
ilies. Fred was a model landlord, for he looked
after the welfare of his tenants well and they
had no fault to find in any way. He paid a visit
to one family after another, and had finished
his inspection of the premises when he caught
sight of a couple of rough-looking men at the
entrance of the building.

At first he thought little of it, for he supposed
that they were simply hanging about, as such
fellows will, but as he came out of the tenement
one of the toughs stepped up and asked:

"Say, boss, is your name Fearnot?"

Fred looked at the fellow closely and an-
swered:

"That is my name. What can I do for you?"

"I guess that you can do a good deal for me
and for my friend here, for we are poor chaps
and need money. If you have ten or twenty
about your clothes you might shell it out and we
can get a haircut and a shave."

If the fellows had been needy or deserving
Fred would have at once assisted them but he did
not like the bullying manner of the fellow. He
looked at him sharply and answered:

"You are two stout-looking chaps. Why are
you not at work?"

"That is our business. We cannot get work,

and such rich chaps as you ought to help us out."

"If you can show me that you are deserving or needy you can depend upon me to help you out. But I very much doubt that."

With that the fellow looked at his companion and uttered a vile oath. He stepped nearer and growled:

"You help other people and you have plenty of money. You have more than you deserve, and we want some of it. If you do not shell out a hundred or so we will have your hide."

"Will you?" said Fred, coolly. "I guess that you will get nothing. Stand aside, for you have no right to be loafing around here."

With that the two toughs made a sudden move to attack Fred, closing in on each side of him. The next moment one of them drew a club from his pocket and made a swing at Fred's head.

"Great Scott!" muttered the young athlete. "I guess that I am in for a lively time. It means that I must defend myself."

The toughs thought that they were going to have an easy time to overpower Fearnot, there being two to one. But it happened that they had never made a bigger mistake in their lives. Fred simply stepped aside and dodged the fellow's rush, and as he came in he gave him a smash in the neck that sent him clear into the middle of the street. The other tough rushed at him also and Fred went through his guard and smashed him twice in the face and jaw, sending him over onto his back in the street.

Both of the toughs were in the street upon their backs and people passing had seen the whole affair and stopped in surprise. But as the toughs arose and started to attack Fred again a yell came from a confederate on the other side of the street that the cops were coming and they ran for their lives. They disappeared in an alley, and Fred was left the master of the situation. The police came running up and asked what the matter was. Fred told them at once and the officers declared that they had recognized the toughs as members of the famous Monk gang that terrorized the East Side, and one of the officers said:

"Sir, you did well to hold your own with those fellows. They are fighters of the worst type and have a bad name. I would advise you to keep a sharp lookout for them in the future, for they will certainly lay for you. They are vengeful."

"All right," said Fred, coolly. "I will be on my guard. I have been held up before by just such toughs and I have always been able to care for myself. I guess that I can now."

"That is all right, boss, but there may come a time when they will get you off your guard, and then it will be perhaps another story."

Fred was willing to admit this, and he thanked the officers and went away. He left the neighborhood, and before he had reached Broadway he had almost forgotten the affair. But when he got home and was at the table with his parents he told them of the affair, and Judge Fearnot said:

"Fred, those fellows never attacked you for money. They were hired to assault you, and I would be on my guard after this. That letter of anonymous kind that you received is connected with this, you may be sure."

That put Fred to thinking, and the more he reflected upon it the more certain he became that this was true. Then a sudden thought came to him.

He recalled that Allen was a fighting character and that he had once fought in the prize ring. It would be like him to hire these plug-uglies to attack him.

"Well," he muttered later when he was alone, "I can see where I may be held up again. The next time I will make the rascals confess, and if I find evidence that it is the work of Allen, I will corner him and make him pay for it."

But Fred had no evidence that it was Allen, so he could take no steps to punish him. But he was on his guard and he was determined not to be caught napping. He had thought of carrying a weapon, but he finally decided not to do so. He went to the office every day and sometimes returned home late. But he saw no more of the toughs until one night, at the hour of ten, he was approaching his door when he saw a couple of men skulk away, after having followed him several blocks. Fred was naturally interested and he was determined to learn who the men were. He tried a clever subterfuge that he felt sure would do the trick. He simply stepped into the shadows of the doorsteps and then he slipped into the darkness of the area. Here he crouched and waited. Just what he expected happened. Along the street silently came the two unknown men. They halted before the Fearnot mansion and looked up and down the street.

"He slipped away from us, Bill," said one of the men. "He slipped away from us, Bill. We will have to wait for him until to-morrow."

"Confound the luck! We had no chance, though we were hot on his heels, but he did not turn into any side street where we might have had a chance to jump on him. But I wonder if there is not a way to get into the house. We might get him in his own chamber."

"Great Scott!" whispered Fred. "They are after my life. That is worse than I thought. What shall I do?"

He was sure that it was the work of the disgruntled Wall Street operator, Allen, and that he had hired these two men to kill him. He knew that Allen hated him, and there was no fate that he would not have wished him. But Fred had no idea that the villains would dare to break into the house. He watched them eagerly and soon they slipped away down the street and vanished in the gloom. Fred drew a deep breath and muttered:

"My, my! I can see that there is real danger. Those fellows are after my life."

It was a question in Fred's mind how to act. He, of course, had no idea of attacking the two toughs, but he decided to follow them. Fred was curious to know just who they were and what their plans were to be. So he slipped after them and into another street. He saw nothing at once of the villains, but soon he observed them going straight into a saloon.

"Oho!" thought Fred. "Here is where I will get hold of all that I want. They will be in liquor soon and then I can get the news that I want. Here goes!"

With that Fred took from his pocket several articles, and with a few passes across his face and

the donning of a wig and mustache, even his own mother would not have known him. Fred's disguise, he believed, would be all right. He at once went over to the saloon and entered. He went to the bar and ordered a drink, though he did not drink. He saw the two villains at a table talking and exchanging words, on what subject he could only guess. But he was resolved to know. Fred was sure that the villains did not recognize him, and he went over and sat down at the next table. He affected to be slightly tipsy and called for the waiter to bring him a beer. This was done, and as he sat at the table he began to croon and talk to himself, as a drunken man will. The result was that the two villains were attracted by Fred's peculiar actions, and one of them grinned and said:

"Say, Bill, he is drunk as a loon. I guess that he is some nob who don't know just where he is."

"That's so, Jim. I wonder if there would be anything doing if we got warm with him?"

Fred heard these remarks plainly, though the villains did not think that he did. He simply kept low and waited and affected drunkenness. He pretended to sip the beer and looked around in a vacant way. Just what he expected happened.

One of the two villains came over soon and sat at the same table. He ordered whisky and, looking at Fred, said:

"Mate, what is the time of day?"

Fred leered at the fellow and answered:

"Mister—hic—my watch is knocked out—hic—so am I. Guess it's about midnight, and I am confounded sleepy."

"Have a whisky on me, bo'. I am feeling pretty well myself to-night, and I have been paid off and am ready for fun."

But Fred declined the whisky and pretended to be sleepy. Finally he arose and walked out of the place. As he expected, the two villains followed him, and he was sure that they had made up a plot to do him up. They felt sure that he had money on his person, and it was too good and easy a chance to let slip. But Fred was now determined to give them a lesson that they would never forget. He made his way out of the saloon and walked down the street in a slow manner. The two crooks followed him until they came to a corner, and then as Fred stopped one of them came along and took hold of his arm.

"Say, boss, what is the use? You are happy, and so are we. Let us round-up the town together. We are gentlemen and we will make it happy for you if you say the word."

Fred turned and looked the fellow straight in the eye and his manner changed. He was a different man at once.

"See here, you scoundrels," he said sternly, "why are you following me? Will you tell me that?"

The two crooks were dumfounded. But they were game and stared at Fred and asked:

"What is your name, boss? What are you playing?"

CHAPTER III.—A Villain's Treachery.

"I'll tell you what I am playing," said Fred, quietly. "I am not the fool you think I am. I know that you are hired by an enemy of mine to

follow me and do me up. Now it will be a tough thing for you before you get through, I warn you. I am onto you and if you value your safety you will abandon the game."

"Mister, you are dead wrong," said one of the villains. "We do not know you and we have never seen you before."

"That is a lie, as you well know. I can tell you who has employed you to follow me, and if you do not desist there will be trouble. It is Fighting Joe Allen, the broker, and you can now see that I am onto the job. Now once more I tell you to take warning and be off."

The two toughs stood a moment irresolute, and then one looked at the other and said:

"Say, Bill, the cat is out of the bag. We might as well make a breast of it now as any time. We are after this chap to do him up good and brown. There is no time like the present."

With that the two toughs made a rush at Fred. It was a lonely part of the street and also a lonely time of the night. The toughs had an opportunity to carry out their game and do Fred up, as there would be only a supposition by any one passing that it was simply a street fight, which were common in that part of the town.

But the toughs had reckoned without a hot if they thought it was going to be an easy matter to get the best of Fearnot. They had reckoned on superiority of numbers and they meant to cripple Fred, or give him such a beating that he would show the effects of it afterwards. At that, if he was given a blow that would prove fatal, it would be only an accident, and they felt that they could make their escape with great ease. But Fred saw them coming and he stepped aside quickly, and as the first one came in he swung around and gave him a blow under the jaw that knocked him off his feet. Before he could recover the other tough came at Fred with a club, and he made a swing at him that barely missed his head by a few inches. Then there was a sight to do one's heart good.

For Fred sailed into the fellow and smashed him right and left. The superior science of Fearnot was too much for the fellow. He knocked him down, and as soon as he got up he knocked him down again. The other tough fared the same, and there was a lively scrap for a time. It was one-sided, though, for Fred was altogether too much for the toughs. They could not get near enough to get in a good blow and he played with them. He blackened the eyes of both and gave them such hard thumps that they were at last glad to retreat. They were certainly pretty well battered up and hardly able to stand.

"Thunder!" called out the one named Bill. "I was never up against such a tough guy. He can fight like a wolf."

"Say, Bill, I guess that we had better get out of this, for I can see that people are coming and we might all get into the jug."

With that the toughs made off, very much disconcerted. They had simply received what they deserved, and they might consider themselves lucky at that. Fred was more than pleased, for it gave him great satisfaction to settle the case with them in such a thorough manner, and he laughed as they disappeared. He exclaimed:

"Wouldn't Terry have liked to have seen this. He would have been more than pleased. It

would have been sport for him to get at those fellows. Let my friend, Allen, get some more to try it on, and if Terry comes back to town we will have some sport."

Fred now started to walk off, but at that moment out of a side street came a squad of officers. They at once pounced upon him, and the sergeant asked:

"What has been going on here? Who are you?"

"I am a peaceable citizen of this town and I have been attacked by a couple of toughs. But I think that they will not attack me again, for I was lucky enough to give them a good beating."

The sergeant looked at Fred sharply and said: "Your face looks familiar. Are you not the son of Judge Fearnot?"

"I am," said Fred. "Are you not Sergeant Clancy?"

"That I am," said the sergeant, readily. "Well, Mr. Fearnot, what can we do for you? Shall we look for the toughs?"

"Oh, no!" said Fred, with a laugh. "I guess that they will not trouble me any more. I think truly that they have had punishment enough. I am content to let them go."

With that the sergeant walked off with his men, for he was looking for some crooks, and Fred started home. He got to his door a little after midnight and went to his room. The next morning he said nothing of the affair of the previous night to his folks, but went downtown, and as he entered Middleton's office he saw that a number of brokers were gathered here. Broker May hailed Fred at once and said:

"Farnot, I heard about you last night. One of our boys was over on the East Side and saw you knock out a couple of toughs that tried to rob you. I guess that you are taking chances in roaming about in the slums at such an hour of night."

"That is right," said Fred, with a laugh. "But I had no idea that any of my friends had that habit also."

Then there was a laugh and a conversation regarding hold-ups was held. The brokers had all different stories to tell, and many of them were quite thrilling. One man named Hawes had lived in the West, and he narrated many stories that savored of the Munchausen type.

"Oh, see here, Hawes," spoke up a broker named Ward, "I guess that you are the champion story teller. If you were held up so many times it is queer that you always succeeded in getting the best of the hold-up men. According to your stories, you were never yet guilty of being robbed."

"Well, that is to my credit, Ward," said Hawes. "I do not think that it is necessary to give in to a thug when he attacks you and demands your money. It is too common for a man to get scared and give up his money, whereas, if he had a little grit he could escape with his wealth. When a hold-up man tackles me I always give it to him before he can think what I am about. I once was held up in the streets of New York, and by a bad character, too, but I gave him one under the jaw and he took the count. I then handed him over to the police, and he got ten years."

"That was pretty good for you, Hawes," said

one of the brokers. "I guess that you are proof against hold-up men. You seem to be a shining mark, as well."

Hawes was certainly a good story teller, but that did not deceive the brokers, who thought that he was the most picturesque liar that they had ever seen. As he was a quarrelsome fellow it was not deemed best to argue with him, though, so the story was accepted. But just then, as the brokers were telling more stories, in walked a figure at the door that gave all a great start. It was Broken Allen. The broker stood a moment and looked at all with a contemptuous expression in his eyes, and then he spoke:

"Middleton, I would like to see you in private."

Middleton arose instantly and said:

"All right, sir. Step into the inner room."

Allen did not seem to notice Fearnot, who regarded him coolly, and he walked past the other brokers and into the inner room. Then Middleton, with a glance at the others, followed, and closed the door. One of the brokers whistled and said in a low tone:

"Well, what do you think of that? I wonder how he feels after his big slump in Great Southern?"

"I wonder that he did not sail into Fearnot," said another broker.

But Fred only smiled grimly. But now one after another of the brokers left the office, and soon Fred was left alone with the office boy, who was a pretty bright little fellow named Leslie.

"Mr. Fearnot," said Leslie in a low tone, "I can guess what that fellow wants with Mr. Middleton. He is going to touch him for a loan."

"Great Scott! Do you mean that, Leslie?" asked Fred, in amazement.

"That is true, as I believe. He has tried every broker in Wall Street, as I have heard, and he is pretty well down in the world. He is getting to be a bum."

Fred was shocked, for somehow he felt that he might possibly have been the cause of the downfall of Allen, and he was prompted to enter the office and offer the fellow aid. He was his worst enemy, as he knew, but it was not Fearnot's way to hold hardness against anyone. But just at that moment out walked Allen, and his face showed anger and disappointment.

"Then you do not care to accommodate me, Middleton?" he asked. "I can assure you that the stock is all right."

"I am a poor man, Allen, and I cannot afford to take chances."

Instantly, Fred was on his feet, and he stepped in front of Allen and said:

"Wait a moment, Allen. I want to have a talk with you."

The broken-down speculator stopped and he regarded Fred with a most fiendish glare in his eyes.

"I have no time to talk with my enemy," he said shortly.

"You are quite wrong. I am not your enemy. To be sure, we were rivals in the stock market, but that does not make us foes in any other sense, unless you choose. I am sure that no one wishes you good luck more than I do. I am willing to help you any way that I can."

Allen looked at Fred with amazement in his eyes, but he did not seem to understand what it could mean. He was so base and mean in his own nature that he could not conceive of anyone else being different.

"I guess that the way you would help me would be to my loss," he said in a snarling voice. "I do not want anything to do with you, and I would not trust you the length of my finger."

Fred smiled quietly and replied:

"You do not understand, Allen. I do not wish you any harm, and now that you are in hard luck I would be glad to help you."

A crafty light came into the eyes of the villain.

"Oh, you would, eh?"

"I said so."

"Well," said Allen, in his crafty way, "I will turn around and give you a chance to make some money. I have some stock in a concern out West that will bring a large price, by and by, and I will sell to you at a figure that will enable you to make a fortune. I have not money enough to handle it, and I am obliged to sell it."

"If the buying of the stock will help you I will buy it to a moderate amount," said Fred.

Allen looked gratified, but not grateful. He pulled some stock shares out of his pocket and held them up to Fred's view. Fred saw that they were shares of a wildcat mine and he looked at them and asked the broken-down speculator what they were worth. He named the price, and Fred promptly said:

"All right. Send them around any time and I will give you a check. I will buy five thousand shares at one dollar a share, the price that is quoted on the certificates."

"All right, Fearnot," he said. "I agree with you that there should be no hard feelings between us. You got the best of me in that Great Southern deal and put me out of business. But we will let that go by, and in future I will look out that you do not get another chance."

"It may be your chance next time," laughed Fred.

"I reckon that it will, or I will give up stock business. But that is the way it is in Wall Street, now up and now down at the foot of the ladder."

Allen turned to the door with a chuckle, and Fred followed him, and as he was going out he said:

"I hope that you will put no more secret assassins on my track, Allen. I will be glad if you do not, for it is not square. I am not afraid, but it is not pleasant to think that one is in danger of being dealt a blow in the dark."

Allen started as if shot. He turned and looked at Fred in a piercing way.

"Who told you that I did anything of that sort?"

"Well, the fellows themselves. They informed me that you had hired them to cripple me or to kill me."

Allen turned ghastly pale. He stared at Fred for a moment, and then he snarled:

"It is a lie! They never were hired by me. I would not do such a thing. It is a lie!"

"I hope that it is," said Fred, coolly. "I shall be on my guard, anyway, and I am sure that I will pull out all right."

Allen said no more, but with a growl took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.—Attacked by Thugs.

When he had gone, Fred turned to Middleton, who had watched the affair with surprise. He said:

"Fearnot, you are a curiosity. That fellow is your sworn enemy, and yet you will let him sell you some worthless stock that you will never realize one cent upon."

Fred laughed and said:

"Oh, well, Middleton, that is my own. I could never do anybody harm, and somehow I feel that I have been the cause of putting that fellow in his present condition."

"You certainly were not to blame. He put himself there. He was trying to put you down and out, and you simply were too smart for him."

"That is beyond doubt true, Middleton. But still it will cost me but little if the stock does not realize, and it makes me feel that I have not taken advantage of a man to send him to ruin or possible death. I am sure, as you say, that he is a villain and beyond rescue, but he is human, and I will not have it upon my conscience that I have not helped him."

But Fred was satisfied that Allen would be more careful in future about putting toughs on his track. He would realize that Fearnot was onto the scheme and that might be the end of it. Fred was pretty busy for some time in the office, but at last he thought he would walk over to his friend Bennett's office in Nassau street. Bennett was a banker, where Fred at times was able to get accommodations, and Fred wanted to see him about some business that had been transacted some time before. Fred reached the office of the banker, and he entered and was soon closeted with Bennett. The banker was fond of Fred, and he asked him how he had come out in the Great Southern deal. When Fred told him all about it, he said:

"I am glad that you had such good luck, Fearnot. I felt sure that you would win out, but it was taking chances, for that fellow Allen has put a good many men out of business. His methods were of the meanest kind, and I know of one case in particular in which he ruined a poor chap who had only a few hundred dollars by misrepresenting things. It was one of the most treacherous and mean deals that I ever had knowledge of."

"Well, well, I need not feel so conscience-stricken after all," said Fred. "I really felt that I ought to do something for the fellow and as if I had been guilty of a wrong in forcing him to the wall in the Great Southern deal."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the banker. "You had to protect yourself. He was out to do you, and if you had not got the best of him he would have ruined you. It was a case of self-preservation and you need not feel any compunctions at all."

"I am glad to feel that way," said Fred. "I was so sympathetic that I was constrained to assist him by buying some mining stock of him. I believe that I bought five thousand shares of Blue Hill Gold Mining Company's stock and it will probably not be worth a cent. But it was only as a return for what I had taken out of him."

Bennett whistled at this.

"Say, Fearnot, I believe that you are easy. The idea of doing such a thing. Why, he has your signature to that, and I warn you that he will try some mean game on you. He will use those stock shares to trap you in some way. Take my word on it."

"I fail to see how he can do it."

"Wait and see! You do not know him as well as I do. He is certainly a bad man to handle. He will fool you in some way."

"I will be ready for him," said Fred. "I will be on my guard. He ought to be thankful to me for helping him."

"He is thankful for nothing. I do not know a more mercenary or soulless man in the whole world."

Just then the office boy came into the private office where Fred and the banker were, and gave Bennett a card. He glanced at it and exclaimed:

"Well, what do you think of that? Look at the name on it."

He took it up, and Fred read with surprise: "Joseph Allen, Broker."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Fred. "It is Allen himself. What can he want here?"

"I will show you," said Bennett, with a smile. "We will settle his case, all right. Now, Fearnot, I want you to stand behind that screen and hear what passes in this place. Will you do that?"

Fred was agreeable and stood up behind the screen. The office boy went out, and in a moment in came the broker with his most urbane manner.

"Ah, Mr. Bennett," he said, affably, "I want to see you about the hypothecating of some stock certificates of the Blue Hill Gold Mining Company. I have the name of a responsible party on them and if you will advance me a part of the face value I will redeem them later on. Of course any advance in the stock will be shared by you."

Bennett took up the stock certificates and saw the name of Fred Fearnot on them, and he smiled.

"I do not see how I can do anything for you to-day, Mr. Allen," he said, politely. "I do not have much faith in this company, for it looks to me very much wildcat."

"Not so, not so, sir! The name on the certificates is perfectly good. I am sure that the signature of Fearnot is warrant for their redemption at any time. He is a man of his word."

"I would take Mr. Fearnot's word at any time. He is absolutely honest and all right."

"Then you will not refuse to take the certificates as security?"

"That is not the idea. Mr. Fearnot is a friend of mine and he is not going to be victimized if I can help it."

Allen stood looking at the banker in a speechless way.

"Thunder!" he growled. "Are you a business man or not? You know that it will be easy to force him to redeem those certificates at the price named on them at any time. If they prove to be worth nothing it will make no difference, for he will have to redeem them."

"I see!" said the banker. "I understand that game very well, Allen, but I am not that kind

of a man. I am a banker and I do business on an honest basis. If I did not, I would lose my standing as a banker."

"Say, there is nothing irregular or wrong in the deal. It is simple business, and the thing is done every day in the Street. You are old-fashioned in your methods."

"I guess that I am, but that is all right. I prefer to be."

"Then you will not take the certificates?"

"I will not, for I do not believe that I care to make Fearnot pay for certificates that have not been delivered and that are not worth the paper they are written on."

"That does not signify that they may be worth many times the price that he pays for them, by and by."

"I do not believe that they ever will. If this is all you wish to see me about I will have to wish you a very good day, as this is my busy hour. Good day!"

Allen was white with rage and he stood a moment trembling like a leaf and glared at Bennett.

"There are plenty who will advance the money upon this order," he said. "I can find them and it will only mean that you will lose a good chance to win a profit."

"Very well, sir. Do as you please. I am decided upon what I will do. I think that if Mr. Fearnot was to know what use had been made of his signature he would cancel that order."

"I think that you had better tell him of it."

Bennett arose and looked the miscreant straight in the eye.

"Very well, Mr. Allen, I think that I will. With your permission I will call him."

Allen gasped and looked around as Bennett spoke Fred's name. Then Fred stepped out from behind the screen. It was a dramatic moment as Fred faced the scoundrel who had tried to entangle him, and as he looked at him he stammered:

"You here, Fearnot? Is this a put-up job?"

"How are you, Allen?" said Fred, quietly. "I am sorry that I will have to cancel that order for Blue Hill. Please render those order blanks to Mr. Bennett. I do not care for the stock. I only bought it to help you out. I had no idea that you would try to play such a mean trick on me as that."

Allen was white with rage and discomfiture. He hardly knew what to say or do. He simply stood silently, staring at Fred and at Bennett. At last he started for the door, saying:

"I don't see it. I have the stock order certificates duly signed by you and I will not give them up. You have signed the orders and you are liable for them."

"I am liable for anything that I agree to take. But when it is proved that it is a swindle, and that the article sold me is spurious, I have a right to cancel the order. You know well what the penalty is of selling or offering for sale any wildcat stock. I was in good faith with you and bought the stock to help you along. I had no idea that I was being fooled or victimized."

Allen saw that he had overreached himself, and he was furious. He still refused to give up the stock order certificates and Fred was de-

terminated to have them. He accordingly went to the door and stood with his back to it, saying:

"It will be the easiest thing in the world to get those orders, Allen. I have only to hold you here until Bennett has 'phoned to Police Headquarters, and when the officers arrive you will be turned over to the law. You know what that means."

Bennett started to the 'phone and the broker saw that the game was up. He drew the order certificates from his pocket and placed them upon the banker's desk.

"I return your princely gift," he said in a lordly manner. "I accept nothing in the way of charity from you and I have not done with you, for the time will come when I will be in a position to effect your ruin, as well, and I will not spare you. Fearnot, I hate you!"

With a vengeful hiss the fellow passed out of the office. After he had gone, Banker Bennett took the certificates and handed them to Fred.

"You have been saved a great deal of trouble and money," he said. "That rascal mean to use your name in the most liberal fashion. He is a big scoundrel."

"I am obliged to you, Bennett, for I can see that you are right. I will never try again to help such a rascal when he is down. I am sure that he would requite my efforts in the meanest possible way."

Fred left the office of the banker, and, going back to Middleton's office, he straightened his business up there and then he looked at his watch and said:

"Middleton, I believe that I will knock off work for the rest of the day. I hear that the sleighing is good in the park and I will take my new horse and cutter and try it."

"Splendid, Fearnot. I wish I could get off to go with you."

Fred pressed the broker to go, but he declared that he could not spare the time. So Fred set out alone and in due time he was at the Park Stables, where he kept his horse, and he quickly had the horse hitched into the cutter and he set out for a ride in the park. Fred drew up the reins over the high-spirited horse and drove straight for the entrance of the park. He did not notice several toughs come out of a side street and follow him. They were able to keep up with the cutter at the speed that Fred drove. But Fred never dreamed of such a thing as danger as he drove in a slow manner to the park entrance. He was just about to turn into the park when he saw several toughs rush out of the crowd on the sidewalk and make for him. He saw the attack that was coming, and he muttered:

"Well, I will be hanged! They are after me. I guess I will give them all that they want."

A tough suddenly sprang in front of the horse and seized the bridle. The others came up from behind. Fred saw that he must act quickly or be overpowered. It was certainly daring in the toughs to attack Fred in a public place like that. Fred rose in the sleigh and gave the tough who held the horse a slash with his whip. But the other two rascals were closing in on him. One of them raised a club in his left hand to hurl it at Fred. The fellow was just behind Fred, and he, of course, could not avoid the blow, which

descended upon his head with much force. Fred wore a fur cap that was the saving of his life. This broke the force of the blow and Fred was only stunned. But he went out of the sleigh and the horse started away on the run. Of course, people on the square saw the affair and many started to the spot with excitement, and a couple of officers ran to catch the toughs, but before they could reach the spot they had made good their escape.

Fred was lying in the snow half conscious and willing hands picked him up and carried him to the sidewalk. The horse and cutter was caught by a park policeman not far from the gate, so that no great damage to the outfit was done. But there was great excitement, for it was one of the most daring assaults that had ever been witnessed by any there. Fred quickly recovered, though, and as soon as he could get upon his feet he was asked by the captain of police, who was present, what it meant.

"To tell you the truth, I cannot say with any degree of truth," answered Fred. "I know that I have been held up by toughs a number of times lately and that it seems to be their purpose to kill me. They attacked me quite unexpectedly and I was unprepared for them."

"Well," said the captain, "we will try and ascertain who the villains are and, if possible, bring them to book. There are too many of that class hanging around the town just now."

But the horse and cutter were uninjured, and as Fred seemed to be all right now he got into the sleigh and drove away. He was, however, on the watch as he drove through the park. Fred was now assured that Allen had not abandoned his purpose of getting revenge, for the toughs had not abandoned the effort to kill him. The blow that the crook had given him on the head might have proved fatal if it had not been for the fur cap.

"I wish Terry would come to New York," muttered Fred, as he drove along. "He could help me greatly in tracking down these rogues. I will not be safe until some of them are behind bars."

Fred drove out to the speedway, and then back, and when he arrived at the table he turned the outfit over to the stable keeper, who asked:

"Are you all right, Mr. Fearnot? One of the boys saw your accident and he thought you had been attacked by thugs."

"That is true," said Fred. "I was attacked by crooks who meant to kill me. I have been held up a number of times lately. I am going to take measures to apprehend them."

That is your best move, Mr. Fearnot. There are a bad lot of toughs around the city now, and they do not hesitate to attack a man anywhere and at any time. The police do not seem to handle them."

Fred left the stable and went home. He felt somewhat the shock of his injury, and when he got in the house he took off his clothes and turned into bed and had a sleep. He did not tell his parents about the affair, for he did not want to worry his mother. But later he received a message from Police Headquarters and started downtown in reply. When Fred reached the headquarters he met the chief, who took him into his private office and asked:

"Tell me all about this affair of yours, Fearnot. Who has put these thugs on your track, in your opinion?"

"I have no direct evidence and, therefore, I can only mention my suspicions. I think that an enemy of mine with whom I had dealings in Wall Street has done it."

Ah! What is his name?"

"His name is Allen. They sometimes call him Fighting Joe."

The chief nodded and said:

"Ah, yes! I know him well. He is an ex-crook, and how he manages to keep up any standing in Wall Street is more than I can understand. He is possessed of a very bad record."

This astonished Fred, for he had never known that Allen had a police record. He asked the chief what it was, and he said:

"Forgery and defalcation, for which he served ten years. He can teach you the lock-step all right."

"I did not know that, and I doubt if many in the Street know it. But I am not surprised, for he has all the earmarks of the crook."

"Well, Mr. Fearnot, I advise you to keep on your guard. We will detail some men to watch him, and if he is caught at any crime we will nab him at once. I have received several messages that have warned us that he is in league with bank robbers and that he means to try a big game of safe-breaking soon. We are watching him closely."

All this was news to Fred, who was completely dumfounded. After that, Fred went back to the office in Wall Street, and as he entered he met the little office boy, Leslie, who said:

"Mr. Fearnot, two men were in here to see you and they left their cards. I told them that you would be in later, and they said that they might return, by and by."

Fred glanced at one of the cards and gave a start.

"Why, it is my old friends, Joe Hanks and Sam Wallace, from Montana. To think that they are in New York. What did they look like, Leslie?"

"Gee!" exclaimed the office boy, "I thought that they were robbers, for they had on top boots and red shirts and big wide-brimmed hats. I kept a good watch on them, for I thought it might be some of the train robbers that you read of in the Wild West."

CHAPTER V.—Some Clever Shooting.

Fred laughed well at the story of the office boy.

"Well, I do not blame you, Leslie. They are all right, though, and more to be trusted than many well-dressed men in this town. I shall be glad to see them and if they come back, make them wait for me."

The little fellow promised, and then Fred went over to the Exchange. He was absent some time and when he came back he saw the two Westerners in the office. They were talking with Middleton, who exclaimed:

"Here is Fearnot now, and he will be glad to

see you. Fearnot, here are a couple of your Western friends."

Fred at once ran up and grabbed the two plainsmen by the hands and they greeted him with great warmth. It was a happy meeting, for they had been clumsy on the range one time. Fred compelled the two Westerners to sit down, and then they had a long talk. They talked over the old days on the plains when they hunted for lost steers and fought robbers and cattle thieves. There were many wild and interesting reminiscences to be gone over, and at last Fred asked them to take a look around town with him. Of course they were agreeable, for they had come to New York to see the greatest city in the country, and Fred accordingly took them to all the points of interest in the city and dined them at a fashionable hotel uptown. The Westerners attracted attention there, and many people looked at them.

They asked about Terry, and Fred said:

"I am expecting Terry down here at any time. I am lonely without him, for we are seldom separated."

"That is right, pard," said Joe Hanks. "But we are not much in a place like this. I guess that you do not have to round up cattle thieves here or hunt for train robbers."

"Oh, my! We have had men here as well as you do in the West. But they are handled here by the police. At the present moment I have a gang on my trail and they have sworn to do me up. I will have to get a crack at them, by and by, or they will get me."

With that, Fred told them of his experience with Allen and how he had hired a gang of toughs to trail him, and either cripple or kill him, and the two Westerners were greatly excited and interested. They at once wanted to go out on the track of the toughs and declared that they would like no better fun than to lay for the gang and give them battle. It happened that there was a marksmen's contest at the Madison Square Garden, and the Westerners expressed a desire to attend it. Fred at once agreed and they all strolled into the place one day. There was a large crowd present and sportsmen and deadshots from all over the country were there. It happened that Joe Hanks saw a fellow who was from Montana, and he exclaimed:

"That is Jim Lee, from Helena. What on earth is he doing here?"

He learned that Lee was one of the star contestants, and he laughed and said, scornfully:

"Great guns! If he is a sample of the shooters that they have here we would have a good chance, Sam. If I had old Bet here I would go in and give them something to think of."

"See here," said Fred, "some of the matches are open to all comers, and if you would like to try it I will secure the entry. You can borrow a gun and it will do well enough for you to beat this bunch with."

"I'd eat my hat if I could not beat Jim Lee."

The two Westerners seemed to be eager to enter one of the open matches, so Fred took the pains to make the entry. It was not so easy to get a gun, but at last he secured a Winchester, and the two men got permission to practice a few moments. The target was a good

one and they easily made perfect scores, and their shooting attracted the attention of spectators. Just then, Lee himself came along, and as he recognized the two men from Montana he came over with surprise and said:

"Hello! Whar on airt did you come from? What has brought you down to the city?"

"Hello, Lee!" said Hanks, carelessly. "We heard that you were going to shoot down heer and, thinking that if you had nerve to shoot in public we might stand a chance, too, we came into the game."

Lee's face lengthened.

"Air you chaps going into the match?"

"We are in it and we are going to wear one of them pretty ribbons away with us. We do not like to run counter to an old friend like you, but when we see him getting brash we think it time to undeceive him."

Lee was plainly discomfitted, for he knew that these men were his superiors at the game. He had really counted upon winning the match, but he was now not so sure.

"Fearnot," chuckled Hanks in an aside, "Lee is all cut up. He thought that he had a clear field here with these lobsters, but now that we are in it he feels down in the mouth. He will not have his name in the paper to-morrow as the wonder of the world at the game. What do you think of his cool nerve?"

Fred laughed and said:

"Well, to tell the truth, I feel sorry for him. It is pretty hard to count upon a victory and find that at the last moment you are up against what spells certain defeat."

But after some little practice they declared that they were ready for the match. As it would not be called until later they had the pleasure of standing around and watching the others at the game. There was some fair work with rifles, and then trap-shooting followed. At one end of the Garden was the revolver range, and here Fred showed his hand. He decided to enter, and as he was told to try his hand he stepped up and faced the target. Some of the best marksmen in the country were present and they regarded him with little interest, as he had no reputation at the game. But Fred smiled, and as he stepped up one of the men said:

"I wonder if he shoots up or down. I believe that better results can be obtained by raising the gun as you pull."

Fred looked at the speaker and smiled. He made no answer, but he got the signal that the target was ready, and quick as a flash he lifted the revolver and fired. The score showed perfect. It was as handsome a shot as could be seen anywhere. The crowd started and regarded him with most interest. It occurred to them that here might be a young man who could shoot. Fred once more waited for the signal, and as the first shot was recorded he fired again. This time he depressed his revolver and scored again. Then he fired from his arm, and again from under his arm. He made every shot perfect with the greatest of ease. Fred could shoot with a revolver as well as the best of them, for he had practiced much.

But his scoring bulls-eye with fancy shots was astonishing to the spectators and also to the other marksmen. They stared at him, and one

man asked who he was. When his name was called some of them had heard of him, but there were other who had not, and they wondered if he would not win the prize, as he was making a perfect score. There was but one man who had a perfect score, and his name was Hugo Wells. He was a big surly-acting chap, and he frowned as he saw Fred shoot so well. It did not please him at all, and he growled:

"Oh, well, if he makes it perfect, I will beat him in the shoot-off. He is only shooting on a fluke."

But there were some there who did not believe that Fred's wonderful shooting was a fluke. They believed that he was a revolver shot and that he could beat the boasting Wells. But now the score was ended and it was perfect. The judges decided that the match should be settled then and there, and that Fred and the man, Wells, should shoot off. Wells came forward and said to Fred.

"Mister, where did you learn to shoot? It seems to me that you are a hit-and-miss man. If you goes well you will win, but if not, you will lose. I guess you are due to lose this time."

"Then you think I cannot repeat?" laughed Fred.

"That is just the idea. I think that you are a fluke shooter."

"Thank you for your good opinion," said Fred, quietly. "I guess that you may be right. But you will have to repeat to make it even as well as me."

"Wait and see!" blustered the fellow, who seemed to think that he could over-awe Fred and beat him in that way.

But the draw gave him the first shot and he went to the mark and began to fire. At the first shot he scored a bulls-eye. But on the fifth shot he missed. Four out of five was his best. He stepped back somewhat disconcerted, but still he was hopeful.

Fred walked up to the line, and there was now great interest. He faced the target and aimed quickly and fired. The shot took effect right in the bulls-eye. Again he fired, and once more it counted. Fred was cool and this time he did not try any fancy shots. He centered the target time after time until the scorer put up his signal that the score was perfect. The match was won and scores of spectators applauded. The two Montana men rushed in and grabbed the hands of the winner and proceeded to congratulate him. But the man Wells was white with fury.

"That is my luck, he snarled. "I want another chance. I can beat that young cub or I will never shoot again!"

"Put up your gun, then!" called out Joe Hanks. "You could never beat him in a thousand years. He can shoot perfect scores on that target all day and night."

"A man ought to make a score perfect on that target most of the time," announced Fred. "I do not consider it a difficult target."

"Oh, listen to him brag!" called out Wells. "See here, young man, you must give me another chance. I will show you the next time that you are not so wonderful as you think."

"I guess that it will have to be at another

time and place," said Fred. "The target is in demand for someone else, I suppose."

But it happened that the target was not in use just then, and there was an outcry for another match. Wells did all he could do to bully Fred into it, but he would not agree for some time. But at last, after Wells and his friends had bullied him to the limit, he said:

"All right. I will shoot you again, but this time the loser must admit that he is beaten fairly and apologize for ever thinking that he could shoot. Is not that fair?"

Everybody declared that it was, and so it stood. The Montana men were wildly excited and urged Fred to go in and make another perfect score. Fred only smiled and said:

"That I cannot agree to do, but I will do my best."

While Fred had been standing there he had been slowly coming to a startling conclusion. This was that the man Wells was familiar to him and looked like one of the toughs who had attacked him at the entrance of Central Park some days before. The more Fred studied the fellow the more convinced he became that he was the man. He was further convinced when he saw Broker Allen standing near and interested in the match. In fact, he saw that Allen knew the man Wells and that they were exchanging glances.

"That is queer!" muttered Fred. "I wonder what will be the outcome of all this? Will I have trouble with those villains again?"

But the drawing resulted in Fred's winning and the young marksman stood up to the line and aimed at the target. At the first shot he scored perfect. Again and again he did the same, and so it went on for the whole score. Then he stepped back amid the cheers of the crowd. Wells was abliged to make a perfect score, also to make a draw, and his face was dark with disappointment. He was angry, and as he fired at the target he missed on the first fire. He stood for a moment with white and angry face, and then without aiming again he pulled the trigger and this time he shot went into the crowd and hissed past the ear of Fearnot. There was an outcry and the crowd began to scatter. But Fred, quick as lightning, seeing the purpose of the villain, swung his own revolver around and covered the fellow, saying in a voice of steel:

"That game will not work! Hands up, or you die! You know that I do not miss!"

"It was an accident!" howled Wells. "I did not mean to fire!"

"All right! Drop that weapon!"

Reluctantly the villain did so, and he was defeated. He stepped back and joined Allen, and they walked away in discomfiture. Fred looked after them while Joe Hanks came over and said:

"Fearnot, if that had happened out in Montana you would have been justified in winging him. He meant that shot for you."

"I know it, Joe. I ought to have given him one that would have lasted him for a while, but it would not do here. I will tell you more about the matter later."

The rifle contest was now pulled off, and Hanks and Wallace won hands down. Jim Lee was beaten badly, and he growled:

"It was pretty mean of you fellows to step in and shoot against me when it means nothing to you, but a good deal to me. I am banking on winning, for it would have given me a reputation."

"I am sorry, Lee," laughed Hanks, "but we can't really see a fellow strutting around and pretending to be a world-beater and not trim him. It will do you good."

CHAPTER VI.—Foiling A Dark Plot.

When Fred left the Garden with his friends from the West he was in fine spirits. They had all had a fine time, and that they had succeeded in getting prizes was as pleasant as it was unexpected. Fred now told them that the man Wells, whom he had competed with, was one of the gang who were on his track, and they were interested.

"By ther great horn spoon!" growled Hanks. "I guess that we will stay here and help you to round up that gang and put them out of business. What do you say, pardner?"

"That is kind of you," said Fred, with a smile. "But I am not afraid to tackle it alone. They will get into trouble yet."

The men from Montana declared that they would stay in New York and try to round up the toughs, but they did not know the city. They could not hope to do much under such circumstances.

"It is a shame that you could not git them out into the country whar you could git them at long range. I guess that we could manage to round them up."

"Say," spoke up Wallace, "why should not that be a good idea. Let us all go out somewhere and perhaps they will follow, and if we ever git the cusses outside of the city, may they be hanged for all that they will escape from us!"

The idea came to Fred on the instant.

"That is bully!" he exclaimed. "We will put it into execution. I know of a place up the State where we can spend some time hunting, and if they follow us up there we will have them."

The two Montana men were delighted with the idea and they at once proceeded to put it into execution. They were ready to start at any time, and Fred explained the matter to Middleton, and also to his parents, and decided to go to Montrose, a small place near the Adirondacks, where the winter sports, such as hunting and ice-fishing, were good. It did not take long for them to start. So a couple of days later Fred and the two Montana men left the city and proceeded to Montrose, where they quartered at the Montrose Inn, which was a resort popular with hunters. When they entered the hotel they found that quite a number of hunters and sportsmen were there ready to go into the woods. Fred did not say anything to any of them after going into the woods, and he and the two Westerners kept their own counsel.

So it happened that on the third day Hanks was out in the outskirts of the town when he heard the sound of sleigh bells and saw three men drive past, wrapped closely in furs. It was easy for him to see that they were strangers to

that part of the country, and as he knew Allen by description, he made up his mind that one of the men was him. He went back to the hotel and reported.

"That is Allen and his men," said Fred, confidently. "You can be sure that they are here. Now to be first to act."

They learned the next day that Allen and his companions were at an obscure boarding place in the southern part of the town. Fred decided to ramble down there one day, so he and the two Westerners started out with their rifles and snowshoes. They made a long detour and came out in the rear of the town. They were almost at the door of the house where the gang boarded and were reconnoitering, when Hanks whispered:

"Hold your horses, pard! There they air!"

It was a fact that three men were seen coming along one snowshoes and that they did not see our adventurers. At once they stepped out of sight behind a clump of firs. The three men of the gang came along slowly and stopped not far from the hiding place of the others. Every word that they uttered was heard plainly by Fred and his companions. Allen was speaking and his words were quite plain.

"Morris, I will depend upon you to carry that message to him, and if he takes the bait, Hayes and I will lie in wait at the corner of the old road and get him. We can put him out of the way and throw the remains into the old slough at the end of the marsh. It will go down into the mud and quicksands and will never be found."

The two crooks with Allen laughed and seemed pleased with the plan. They lowered their voices now and talked for a time. But the plotters now moved away some distance. Fred, however, arose and said:

"That is all that we need to know. It is now only necessary to wait for their plan to develop. We can be ready for it, and the moment that we have proof that they are intending to murder we will have them. We can then arrest them and deliver them up to the law."

The two men from Montana now moved away and left the crooks still plotting. By Fred's advice they returned to the inn. They proceeded to wait for the developments that was sure to come. And they did come the next day. A messenger came over to the inn and Fred was given a miserably written note that read:

"Mister Fearnot:—I know that you would help an old man who once did you a favor out West when you were herding cattle. I am starving, and I feel sure that you will come and see an old man who is dying. Come to the old road and come to my cabin as soon as you read this. I will never forget you for the favor, for you may save the life of one of your best friends and admirers."

At the bottom of the note was a postscript:

"If you wish, the bearer of this message will show you the way to my home. I hope that you will come, and alone, for I do not want to see any strangers. Please heed the prayer of an old man about to die."

There was no name signed, which was strange enough, but Fred, of course, knew that it was a decoy, so he did not consider that. But he handed the note to Hanks, and he and Wallace read it. They glanced out of the door and saw that the messenger was one of the crooks and that he had dressed himself up in old clothes and looked like a pauper.

"Well, the crises has come," said Wallace. "Now what do you propose to do, Fearnot?"

"I am going to accept this message and send the messenger away with the promise that I will answer it in person. Then we will proceed to the corner of the old road and see what we shall see. We will confront the gang and capture them if we can."

So it was settled, and Fred prepared to do his part. He sent the messenger back to report that he was on his way. Fred now left the inn and set out for the corner of the old road. It was easy enough to find it, and he left the town behind as he walked on. He knew that his confreres, Wallace and Hanks, were right behind him and that they would reach the road by another route, so that they would be somewhat in the rear of the plotters. Fred walked on in the snow and was soon out of the town. He came to the turn in the road where he could see the corner. He stopped here, for he knew that if he went all the way to the corner he would be exposed to the danger of a shot from the enemy who were hiding there.

Fred saw no cabin or any sign of a habitation and he knew that the game of the villains had been to decoy him into an ambush and shoot him down in cold blood, or perhaps attack him in any event. But he stopped some distance from the corner of the old road and waited, as if looking for the cabin, and as he did so it gave Hanks and his companion time to come up. This was what Fred wanted, for the two men from Montana must surely come up in the rear of the villains. And that was just what happened. Fred's first appraisal of it was a shout and then out into the road came three men with revolvers in their hands. One of them he at once recognized as Fighting Joe Allen.

But right after them came Hanks and Wallace, and they had revolvers, covering the trio of would-be assassins. The men from Montana were deadly in earnest. Fred heard Hanks call out to them to throw up their hands and the trio obeyed, for they knew that they were dealing with men who would not hesitate to shoot. With that, Fred ran to the spot.

"Hello, Allen! This is an unexpected meeting. I am glad to see you, for I suspected that you had followed us up here to Montrose. But your little game was poorly planned."

Allen was furious and glared at Fred in an insance manner while the hatred in his face was positively fiendish.

"Confound you, Fearnot!" he hissed. "What do you mean by this attack? You will be made to pay for it in a court of law. You have no right to hold us up in this manner."

Fred laughed lightly.

"That is your opinion, is it, Allen? Will you tell me why you are dogging my footsteps and why you have made so many attempts to take

my life? I guess that I have a case against you."

"That is a lie! I have as much right to come up here hunting with my friends as you have."

"Oh, say, Fearnot," said Hanks, "what is the use? Let us hang them up here as a warning to evil-doers. They are not worth a bullet. Why do you waste your time and breath upon them?"

Fred smiled and bowed to his two friends.

"That is all right, Hanks," he said. "I prefer to deal with these fellows in my own way. I am not going to take any advantage, but Allen must agree not to dog my footsteps any more or I will certainly demand satisfaction myself."

Allen swore that he had no hand in the hold-ups that Fred had experienced at different times. He protested against being held up himself, and even threatened process of law. But Hanks laughed and said:

"Pard, you would have no case at all. You could not prove that we held you up and, on the other hand, it is easily proved that you were concerned in the hold-up of Fearnot here."

"That is a lie!" snapped Allen, but the words were hardly out of his mouth when Hanks fired at him, and the bullet cut a bit of flesh out of his left ear. It was an easy thing for the dead-shot to do this and he might have killed the villain with ease, but he did not want to. Allen gave a wild yell and grabbed hold of his ear and screamed:

"Help! Help! Murder! I am killed! Help!"

He dodged behind his companions, who were scared as well, and there was a scene for a moment. But Fred had turned and looked at Hanks, who bowed and said:

"Don't mind, Fearnot! I am not going to kill him, but I cannot allow any man of his style to call me a liar. I will make him take it back or I will take the whole ear off the next time."

But now Allen and his companions decided that they had had enough and they started away at full sped. But Fred called out to them to come back and exclaimed:

"Hold on! You are not going yet! I have not done with you!"

Wallace fired a shot that hissed past the ears of the villains and they decided to come back. They stopped and hesitated, and one of the crooks said:

"Gents, we have done nothing. We are going about our business. We mean no harm and we did not know what we were brought here for. If we had we would never have come."

"Well, well! That is the worst lie of all!" said Wallace. "You need not think to make us swallow that! Come back here!"

Wallace fired a shot that went through the hatband of one of the crooks, and with that they all came back meekly and stood tremblingly before their captors.

CHAPTER VII.—The Hunting Trip.

Allen and his men were so thoroughly scared that they did not know what to do. They trembled like aspen leaves and the two men from Montana surveyed them grinsly.

"Fearnot," said Hanks, savagely, "I do not know what you think of it, but I am going to

string these scamps up to the nearest tree. It is the way we do things out in Montana and we are going to leave the country in a day or two, so that we could never be caught. One of us will get a rope and do the trick. They deserve it and that will dispose of them so that the lives and property of honest people will be safe."

Of course this was a bluff on the part of the Westerner, for he had no idea of doing such a thing. But it frightened the villains so that they turned ghastly white and begged for their lives in the most abject manner. It was absolutely disgusting to observe what little real manhood or bravery they had. The two crooks pleaded that they were not aware of the purpose of Allen to attack Fearnot, and that if they had known it they would have never come. Of course this did not deceive Fred and his friends and they only treated the sentiment for what it was worth. But the two men from Montana pretended that they were going to hang the villains, and they selected a tree with wide-spreading limbs and Wallace declared that he was going for a rope.

"No, no, no!" begged Allen, wildly. "I beg forgiveness and will swear that I will never try it again. Fearnot is as safe after this as if he had never seen me. I will apologize or do anything that you ask if you will spare my life."

Fred waited until the two Montana men had had all the fun that they wanted, and then he stepped forward and said:

"What assurance can you give me that you will keep your word, Allen? How am I to believe you?"

"Oh, I swear it on the Bible. I will swear it on my sacred honor."

"That kind of an oath ought to be sufficient, but I know you well enough to be sure that you do not mean it. You are treacherous, and if you get free you will simply try the game again at the first opportunity."

But Allen begged and pleaded and promised, until at last Hanks said in a feigned manner of disgust:

"Oh, say, Fearnot, why should you give them any mercy at all? They sent you a letter that was a decoy to bring you here while they murdered you. Now if you let them go they will simply be able to lay for you again, and the next time you will be caught. It will be too late and your life is too valuable to throw it away in such a manner."

But Fred pretended to hesitate, and at last he said:

"You can have the chance to settle the matter personally with me if you want to, Allen. We will meet on perfectly even terms and, if anything, the advantage shall be in your favor. I will fight you with weapons or fists, as you please. You hate me and this is your chance to satisfy your feelings toward me. What do you say?"

But the rascally broker had no idea of taking such a chance, for he really feared Fred, and he hedged and pretended that he was already content and that he had enough.

"The matter is settled already, Fearnot, so far as I am concerned. I will admit that I was foolish to make any trouble with you and I will be your best friends hereafter. Only let us go."

"All right," said Fred promptly. "I am going to take your word and let you go. But if I ever catch you again in any attempt to attack me it will be all over with you. I cannot stand it to have a thug like you on my track and I want assurance that you will not trouble me again."

Allen seemed completely cowed and promised by all manner of vows that he would never try it again. He was then allowed to depart with his two companions. As they disappeared toward the town, Hanks watched them and said:

"Fearnot, you will excuse me for criticism of your judgment, but I can tell you that they will not keep their word. That fellow will come back at you at the first chance. This will make him more bitter than ever and he will try a harder game next time. It will be more dangerous now than ever before, for he will be more sly and make his work surer next time."

Fred stood silent for a moment.

"Hang it! What could we do?" he asked. "We could not hang them, and to deliver them to the law would do little good. They might get a fine, but that would be about all."

"Fearnot is right," said Wallace. "He has taken their word and let them go. Now if they ever again attack him he will have the best of them and can feel no compunctions in riddling the hide of that old Allen, anyway. That is my idea."

But they now walked back to the town. At the hotel they made themselves comfortable, and as some of the hunters had come in from the woods with game it made Fred's and the Westerners' mouths water, and Hanks said:

"By jingo! What do you say if we take a trip into the hills to-morrow and do some hunting on our own account. We must go back West soon, but it would give us pleasure to do a little hunting here before we go. What do you think of it, Fearnot?"

"I am in for it, Fred said. "We will take a guide and start at daybreak. I see no reason why we cannot get some game."

The guide that was hired by them was named Wes Cass and he was one of the best in the region.

"I kin tell you that the deer are thick on the upper fork of the Otter River," he said. "Also if you like some better fun you can still-hunt for lynx or cat."

The hunters declared that this would be just what they wanted and they were up at the hour appointed the next morning. They had all arrangements made and started out at daybreak. The country beyond Montrose was wild enough to suit the wildest fancy and the hunters were soon in the thick of the snowy woods. The storm had abated somewhat and the snowshoes enabled them to travel all right. But in the woods the snow was not so deep. In fact, it was just about the right depth, for neither Fred nor his Western friends cared about chasing game that could not travel through the snow. It was too tame sport and they preferred to hunt it where it was hard to overtake. After several hours' tramp on snowshoes they came to cross trails in the woods and took a logger's road to the north. This brought them to the banks of the Otter River, and here they struck the first track of game. A little later they sighted a deer in the

firs some distance away, and Hanks fired at it. He missed and then Wallace fired. The deer simply stood and looked at the hunters a moment, for it was curious to see who the strangers were, and then it threw up its white tail and was off like a shadow.

"Thunder!" growled Hanks. "That was stupid in me to lose that buck. He was a beauty and I ought to have hit him easy."

"Same here," said Wallace. "But it was not an easy shot. What do you think of it, Fearnot?"

Fred had his rifle to his shoulder before he could answer and fired at the disappearing form of the buck. The rifle spoke with a spiteful report and the deer was seen to stagger and tumble in a heap in the snow. The beast was some distance off and it had looked like so impossible a shot that the Westerners had not tried it. They stared at the distant crumpled-up form of the buck, and then at Fred. Hanks gasped:

"Did you actually hit him, Fearnot? Was it an accident?"

"I hope not," said Fred with a smile. "It seemed to me like an easy shot. The deer was going away from me and I had to follow it with the bullet."

The guide was impressed, and he looked at Fred and said:

"Boss, that was a good shot. I had no idea that you would get the buck. I could not have done it and I have been in the woods all my life. I guess it must have been a fluke."

Fred laughed and said:

"My friend, that was not a difficult shot in my opinion. I do not pretend to be a crack, but I could duplicate that shot any time."

It was evident that Guide Cass thought Fred was boasting, for he looked incredulous. He suddenly pointed to a big bird of the hawk species sitting in a limb of a pine, certainly a quarter of a mile away, and he said:

"I am going to try to tumble that big hawk from that limb. It will be a luck chance if I do it."

"It is unusual to see hawks in these parts at this time of year, is it not, guide?" asked Fred.

"Once in a while you see them. Also an eagle of the bald variety. But they are only lingering and will be soon gone."

With that the guide raised his rifle and fired at the hawk. The bullet went straight to the mark and the big bird tumbled from its perch into the snow. It was a good shot, and Fred nodded his head approvingly and said:

"You did well, Cass. I could not do better, nor for that matter, could any other man. Yet it is not what you might call a hard shot."

Cass whistled, and so did Hanks and Wallace. The latter asked:

"What do you call a hard shot, Fearnot?"

Fred chanced to glance up, and he and the others heard a shrill shriek up in the sky, and they saw the mate of the hawk far up above their heads. The bird must have been fully a thousand feet in the air and was soaring around and had seen the fate of its mate. Fred pointed to the hawk and said:

"That is a read shot. If you can bring that bird down you will prove that you can shoot. Try it."

"That is an impossible shot," said Cass. "I

know what it is to try it. The bullet would simply glance off the feathers of the hawk, even if you were lucky enough to hit it."

"Not if you hit it in the neck," said Fred. "You will see the big bird tumble at once."

"Oh, course, but can anyone do that?"

Fred raised his rifle carelessly and fired. The hawk gave a convulsive spring upward in the air and came down with a straight descent like a heavy weight. The bird struck the snow and was buried in it, and when the guide went over and dug it out it was seen to have been struck in the neck. It had been instantly killed. The guide and the two Westerners were dumfounded at the wonderful shot and they simply stood and looked at the bird, and finally Cass said:

"I am satisfied. I have never seen such shooting in my life. It may be that there is a man in this part of the country who can shoot as well, but I do not know him."

Hanks and Wallace averred the same, and then they went on after more game. It was not long before they came to some tracks in the snow, and as Cass examined them he said:

"It is a lynx, and if I am not mistaken we shall find the big cat not far away from here. We must use great caution, for they are very shy, and it is one of the hardest things to track a lynx that one can undertake. They are very wary."

But they followed the tracks and at last came to a section of fir forest. There was a heavy thicket of firs, and as they approached it they found the fur of a rabbit. It was plain that the rabbit had been caught by the lynx and had been devoured on the spot. The guide glanced around and said:

"I believe that we will find his lynxship not far away from here and that he will be sleepy and easily caught. I think that we can get him if we are careful."

The two Montana men were eager to get the animal and now the party separated and went carefully to the edge of the fir clump. Suddenly, as the guide peered into the depths of the clump of firs he put up his hand. He made a signal to the others and they all went forward to the spot and there they saw the big cat lying on a limb some few feet above the ground. The animal was apparently asleep. It did not scent the human foes, for the wind was the other way and the guide motioned to Fred to shoot. Fred looked at Hanks and Wallace, but they shook their heads and then Fred raised his rifle and took aim. Fred fired at the shoulder of the beast at a point where he believed that the bullet would get the heart. His aim and judgment were good, for there was a wild scream, and up into the air went the lynx and down upon the snow. It rolled over and over, snarling and claving at the snow for a moment, and then with a convulsive shiver straightened out and lay dead. Hanks and Wallace gave an Indian war-whoop and ran forward to the spot where the cat lay. It was a beauty of its kind, and as they turned it over the path of the bullet was seen and it was observed that the cat could not have lived with a shot in that part of the anatomy. At that season it was in fine condition and would make a fine specimen. Hanks was eager to get it, so it was bequeathed to him.

By this time they had reached a point upon the Otter River where there was a junction with a small creek. Here there was a shack that was made use of by hunters for shelter when in that part of the country. It was rudely built, but comfortable, and the hunters crawled into it and made themselves at home. The guide soon had a fine fire burning on the rude hearth and some slices of the haunch of the deer which they had brought along were roasted. The shack became warm and the hunters sat around the fire and enjoyed themselves, while Fred told stories that convulsed them with merriment, and so the time passed until it became time to retire.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Fugitive.

Fred went to the door and looked out, and he saw that it was glorious with the moonlight.

"I do not believe that there will be any need of keeping watch," Fred said. "We will all turn in and have a good sleep, for we will have a hard tramp to-morrow."

So after the evening meal was over the hunters turned in and were sound asleep. All were tired and slept soundly, except Fred, who, for some reason, could not seem to do so. It was long after midnight that he heard sounds that gave him a start. Fred was familiar with the woods and had almost the instinct and cleverness at woodcraft of an Indian. He listened, and at last made up his mind that all was not right. He arose and went to the door and looked out. He could see the moonlight on the trees and the snow, and he saw no sign at first of anything wrong. But he had heard a sound that seemed like footsteps on the snow, such as would be made by snowshoes. He was silent and waited for a while, and at last he saw a figure creep out of the shadows of the firs and creep near the cabin.

"Oho!" whispered Fearnot. "That looks as if there was something wrong. If that is the figure of a man why does he not come boldly up to the house if he is honest?"

But the figure approached the cabin with stealth, and that of course excited the suspicions of Fred. He made up his mind that he would catch the unknown. So he crouched at the door, closing it after him, as he was on the outside. The shadows were deep here and Fred kept close in them. The man crept to the window and tried to look in. But he could see little through the pane and he turned to the door, and the next moment Fred's revolver covered him and he hissed:

"Not a sound, or you die! I have you covered and there is no chance for you. If you value your life do not make a move to escape."

The stranger gasped and made a motion to leap backward. But the moment he saw the muzzle of the revolver at his face he stood still. For a moment there was silence, and the two stood facing each other in the faint moonlight.

"All right, stranger. I cave. You have the drop on me."

"Who are you?"

"I am Bill Carson. I was trying to find out whether friends or foes were in the shack. It

has been a home for me for some weeks past and I found that someone else was in it to-night."

Fred stepped aside and said:

"If you are all that you claim you may find yourself among friends. Step into the cabin and we will have a talk."

The stranger hesitated.

"Boss, I am afraid to go in."

Fred was astonished.

"Why are you afraid?"

The unknown hesitated and finally said:

"Well, I will tell you. I am a fugitive from justice and death hangs over my head. I am guilty of killing a man, but I did it in self defense. They will not believe me and want to hang me for it without a fair trial."

Fred was deeply interested at once.

"If that is true, and you can prove it to my satisfaction, you will be sure that I am your friends, and I can be a good one, too."

Fred was impressed with the story of the fellow. There was something about him that savored of truth and he was resolved to know more about the stranger.

"Let us say that you have friends in this place," he said. "Come right in and we will talk it over. If I can help you in any way you can be sure that I will do so."

With that the stranger walked into the cabin. He had given his name as Bill Carson and he was apparently a man of the woods. He wore the woodsman's dress and was powerfully built. But when he and Fred entered the cabin they awoke the others with their footsteps and the two Montana men sprang up. They rubbed their eyes, and Hanks called out:

"Fearnot, what is this? Who is the visitor?"

"That remains to be seen," answered Fred. "I caught him sneaking around the cabin."

Hanks and Wallace now were up and staring at the visitor. Carson looked them straight in the eye and at last he said:

"Gentlemen, I hope that you like my looks. I am not a bad man, as you ought to see."

"You cannot always tell by observation."

The fellow shrugged his shoulders.

"You can never bring evidence against me to hang me, anyway."

"I was never before accused of a crime. I think that it is pretty mean when I am perfectly innocent."

But just then there came a rap at the door. Fred arose and opened it a crack. He gave a start. In the snow stood half a dozen men. At a glance, Fred saw that they were officers of the law.

"Mister," said the leader of the officers, "we are here after a man named Carson. We have tracked him to this cabin and there is no chance for him to escape. Any resistance will be serious."

In an instant there was a rush and Carson started for the window. But one of the officers was outside and he could not escape in that direction. He was trapped. Through all, the guide, Wes Cass, had slept soundly, and he now was awakened by the voices of the officers and he sprang up. He gazed at the visitors in the light of the fire on the hearth and he was at first puzzled to understand what it meant. But

as his gaze rested on the fugitive, Carson, he gave a shout and sprang forward.

"Hello!" he shouted. "It is my old pard, Carson! Well, well, what does this mean? Where did you come from, Carson?"

The fugitive gave a great cry and sprang forward and grabbed the hands of his friend.

"Cass, old pal!" he shouted, "this is the greatest joy of my life. I thought that you were dead."

"I am pretty much alive," said the guide. "But what does this all mean? What are these men here for? They look like deputies."

"That is just what we are," said one of the officers. "We are after Carson, for he is a criminal and must hang."

"Cass was astounded, but he glanced at the officers, and then at his old pard, and he exclaimed:

"A criminal? Tom Carson a criminal? Well, you are barking up the wrong tree. He is one of the best and whitest men in the whole world. You can't tell me that."

"It makes no difference what we tell you, the truth is there, and he is our prisoner. Stand aside, for we are going to take him. We have tracked him many miles to this place and we are not in a mood to fool."

Carson bowed his head in grief and stood in the center of the floor in a dejected way. But the guide showed his friendship by starting forward and with his revolver in his hand.

"Hold on, men!" he said, sternly. "You may have the law behind you, and I am not one to stay the law, but I want to know all about this affair. I want to know what he has done?"

"It seems to be none of your business. We have no time to lose and much less to make explanations to you."

"Very well," said Cass, firmly, "we will fight. I am ready to shoot if you lay a hand on him. He is my old mate and I will die for a pard. You will take warning."

But Fred saw that there was likely to be trouble, so he stepped forward and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, it does not seem right that there should be trouble here, for it will mean bloodshed. I think that it can be avoided and if you will explain what your warrant is it will be better."

"Mister," said the officer, "we have no time to temporize with men who have no business with us. We are here to arrest Carson and we have him and are going to do our duty."

"If it must be so we will not interfere with the law," added Fred. "But you must show your warrant, which is required by law, or you will not take the man from here. At present he is under our care, as he is our guest. Do you understand?"

Fred had drawn his revolver and Hanks and Wallace both had their ready, so the four officers were impressed by the fact that there would be trouble in taking their man away. But the chief now said:

"He is a murderer and we have a warrant for him. He killed a man at Holman City and he cannot be allowed to escape."

Cass turned pale, and then he asked the fugitive:

"Is that true, Carson, old friend? Tell them that they are lying."

"It is true, Wes," said Carson, in a low tone. "But I had to kill him to save my own life. I never killed him from temper or with the purpose to murder. He attacked me and I had to defend myself."

For a moment after this statement there was silence in the cabin. But presently the chief said:

"I hope that you understand now, gentlemen, and that you will make no objection to our making the arrest. We must take him away, much as we dislike the task."

"You are right, officer," said Fred. "We cannot stay the course of the law."

With that one of the officers came forward and placed the handcuffs on the prisoner. They then led him away out of the cabin, while the others stood silent witnesses. As they started away into the moonlight, Hanks growled:

"There is no case against that chap. We are strong enough to set him free. He can go West with us and he will be all right. If they take him to court he may be hung."

"Right, pard!" spoke up the other Montana man. "They do things better out in our country. They would never let him go."

Nothing could be done that night and they could only go back to the fire and wait for daylight. But they did not sleep and talked about it all night. In the morning, the sun came up bright and they were out early. The hunt was forgotten in the interest in the case of the man Carson and it was proposed to start for Holman City, which was up in the wilder part of the country and almost into the Adirondacks. Leaving the shack on their snowshoes, the party kept on over the trackless snow until they came to the trail of the sheriffs. They then followed them and went on until they reached the open country. After a number of miles they reached the highway and took a course along it to the north and before noon came in sight of the town. It was quite a large place and they proceeded through the streets with haste. Cass wanted to see his old pard and they went over to the jail and made application to see the prisoner. The jailer, who was a kind-hearted man, let them in, and soon they were at the door of the cell in which the prisoner was confined. He was overjoyed to see them, and he said:

"It is kind of you to take so much interest in me and I shall never forget it. I am not guilty of a crime unless it is a crime to defend one's life against a murderer. I would have been killed if I had not killed the other man."

Cass talked with his friend for a long time and then he, with the others, took leave. It was realized that nothing could be done until the hearing and the trial later. So they left the jail and went back to the street.

"Well," said Hanks, "we cannot do much here. Shall we go back to the woods and resume our hunt?"

"We will have to, for our pelts are there," said Guide Cass. "I am ready before the snow comes again. There ought to be moose in the woods to-day."

So the hunters went back to the woods and soon were on the trail to the Otter River. In due time they arrived there and found things all right. They now proceeded to start out again

on the track of game. They soon were making their way on their snowshoes across a little valley where there were thickets of fir.

CHAPTER IX.—Conclusion.

After they had proceeded several miles into the heart of the country and had come to a deep glade in the woods, suddenly Fred dropped on his knees and fired before any of the others had time to realize what he was firing at or to see anything. But there was a crashing in the undergrowth and a bellow of agony, and out into the open came a big bull moose. The animal was mad and came for the hunters like a steam engine. It was plain that he was going to attack them and they scattered like chaff before the wind. It was lucky that they did, for the big animal came so strong that his antlers would have made it dangerous for any one in his path. But Fred dodged behind a tree and fired again. This time the moose stopped and coughed fiercely and then he shivered all over and began to drop. Down he went upon his knees and soon was in the snow with his nose buried.

"We have him!" said Fred, coolly. "He is ours this time!"

Hanks and Wallace had by this time begun to think of using their rifles, but it was too late. They came out of the underbrush, where they had retreated somewhat abashed.

"Well, I will be hanged! You got him, Fearnot, and he is a fine one, too," said the guide. "I congratulate you, for it is not easy to catch one napping that way. I thought that he would get into us once there."

Fred and the guide knew well enough that it was dangerous to approach the moose yet, for they have been known to revive and attack the hunter so suddenly after they have been thought to be dead that too much care cannot be used."

But after a while Fred ventured up and let the blood out of the creature, and then it was seen that he had a wonderful spread of antlers. In fact, Guide Cass declared that he had seldom seen so fine a specimen of a moose. But now they set at work, dressing the big creature, and the question was raised as to what might be done with the meat. But at last the guide suggested that they only take the hams and shoulders and the hide with the antlers, and he proceeded to make a rough drag out of fir boughs. On this the meat was strapped securely and the hunters could drag it over the snow somewhat like a sledge. In this way they traveled back to the Otto River and to the shack. They got back about dark and soon had a fire roaring on the hearth and some of the juicy moose meat in the coals.

"Well, friends, the hunt has been a decided success," said Fred. "We will make preparations to return to Montrose to-morrow. I will have to go back to New York, and as it seems that I have no more need to fear the toughs who have been holding me up for some time past I can get to work once more."

Hanks and Wallace were loath to give up the hunting and declared that they had never had so fine a time in their lives. The next morning

the pelts and the moose meat was packed on sledges and the start back to Montrose made. In due time they got back and they then took leave of their guide, Cass, who declared that he was going up to stand up for his friend Carson at his trial.

Fred went to his hotel and prepared to take leave of Montrose. Hanks and Wallace had decided to return West from Montrose, as they could not spare the time to go down to New York again. But the two men from the wilds of Montana gripped Fred's hand warmly and said:

"We shall never forget our hunt and the time we had with the toughs that held you up. Now let us hear from you."

Fred thanked them and he then paid his bill at the hotel and took leave. He went straight to New York City and was the next day at his desk in Middleton's office. Fred did not tell his folks about his narrow escapes while in the woods, but the next day he received a message that gave him a thrill of joy. It was from Terry:

"Fred:—I will be down in the morning. I have settled all of father's business for him and am free once more. I am the same old chip and hope that you are the same. "Terry Olcott."

Fred laughed and said:

"Bless his old heart! He is the best chum that any fellow in the world ever had. I like him and we will never be parted."

The next morning Terry came in on the train and his first move was to grab Fred by the middle and swing him around as if he was a partner in a waltz. People on the platform laughed at the fervent exhibition of warm friendship. In due time the two chums reached home, and Mrs. Fearnot greeted Terry with the warmth of his own mother. In fact, Mrs. Fearnot often declared that she regarded both boys as her own sons. But Fred and Terry had a long talk and Fred told him about his thrilling experiences with the toughs. Terry listened with glistening eyes.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "Why could I not have been on hand to have some of that fun? I always miss that sort of thing. I would have been more than delighted to get hold of those thugs. I guess that I would have given them a few hard thumps."

A servant came up with a letter and handed it to Fred. As he glanced at the superscription, Fred gave a start. It looked familiar, for he had seen it on stock certificates and he broke the seal and read:

"Mr. Fearnot:—If it is agreeable to you I will call at your home this evening and bring a friend. I want to see you about some important matters and explain to you about an affair that will be of mutual interest. I hope to find you. Yours,
"Joseph Allen."

Fred whistled and handed this to Terry. It was not until later in the evening that there came a ring at the doorbell and two callers were ushered into the house. They were shown into the parlor. When the cards were brought to Fred he glanced at them: "Joseph Allen and Samuel Plugg."

Terry read the cards over Fred's shoulders, and he exclaimed:

"Say, Fred, that is dead easy. That fellow Plugg is the heavyweight pug of the city. I will bet that you have a job on your hands."

Fred stared at Terry a moment.

"What?" he gasped. "Do you really think that Allen would dare try such a game?"

"Would he? Will a duck swim? Just as sure as you are alive. I will bet my hat on it. He has brought that plugger here to do you up in your own house. You will see."

Fred went to the parlor and as he entered he saw Allen and the heavyweight pug sitting in chairs. The prizefighter was immense in the shoulders and he towered above Fred as he shook hands with him.

"Fearnot," said Allen in his smoothest way, "I have not forgotten the experience that I had with you at our last meeting. I have never been satisfied that I had fair play that time. Now I am going to insist that I have it. For all that you have done to me I owe you something and you are now going to get it, and right in your own house."

With that Allen rushed to close the door of the room while the pug threw off his coat and showed his enormous muscles and made a swing at Fred. But Fearnot dodged it and sprung back. In the same moment Terry rushed in, stripped to the waist and with bandages on his hands.

"Two can play at this game, Allen!" he shouted. "I am the champion man-eater of the wild and woolly west side and I can consume five pounds of beefsteak at a feed. I am going to put a hole through this big stuffed imitation of a man right now."

Allen was so taken aback that he could not say a word, but stood with open mouth and stared at Terry, who danced up to Plugg, and then followed a lively match between two exponents of the art of boxing such as could be seldom seen.

Terry was not so heavy as the professional, but he was just as muscular and much quicker. He could hit a blow that would stagger an ox. Allen was kept back by Fred, who menaced him and he was the most frightened man that was ever seen. He saw his hired pug getting the worst thrashing that he had ever received in his life. In a short time he was breathing like a steam engine and trying in vain to land, but it gave Terry a chance to get in under his guard and land often and hard. At last pug threw up his hands and stepped back, yelling that he had had enough. But Terry yelled:

"Oh, no, you haven't! I will not let you off so easy!"

With that Terry punched and pounded him until he was contended, and at last gave him a last blow that almost knocked him out. The pug was a sight to behold. The two disgruntled and defeated men were shown out of the house now, and that was the last Fred or Terry ever saw of either of them. But it was safe to say that they did not forget the encounter for many a day.

Next week's issue will contain "FRED FEARNOT'S MATCH GAME; or, WINNING AT BASKET-BALL."

CURRENT NEWS

FINDS FIR TREE 12 FEET THICK

In Josephine County, Oreg., L. E. Wilkes, surveyor, came across a Douglas fir of immense proportions. Measured at breast height the tree was 38 feet 8 inches in circumference, or about 12 feet 2 inches in diameter.

A LOAFER'S PARADISE

Probably the laziest people in the world are Svatnians, who live in the inaccessible mountain range between the Black and Caspian Seas. They have made no advance toward civilization in 2,500 years. It is their invariable rule to observe holidays four times a week, with saints' days as extras.

YOU CAN'T BREAK THIS GLASS

Modern researches for a hard but unbreakable glass ready began in the year of 1774, when De la Bastie began to cool red-hot glass slowly and produced glass by his method which could be thrown violently to the ground without breaking. Another sort of glass has the quality of resistance to abrupt changes of temperature.

There are two sorts of quartz-glasses, the one the product of rock-crystal, the real transparent quartz-glass; the other untransparent, the product of rock-flint. Melting pots, tubes, clubs, flasks, refrigerators, evaporating basins, different fittings for electrical purposes and many other products for electric lighting are made of it.

The most remarkable quality of the quartz-glass is its very small coefficient of heat expansion, it only amounts of 0.00000059, in different words: whether one heats quartz-glass extremely—or whether one cools it extremely—it barely expands or contracts. Practically its size remains the same. Such glass can be heated red-hot and dipped while red-hot into cold water without cracking. It is this quality which has helped it to such ready admission into the technical and chemical laboratories. Besides this, it shows still quite a number of valuable qualities; the firmness of quartz-glass against breaking amounts to 12 kilograms per square millimeter compared to 4.9 kilograms for ordinary and 1.0 to 4.0 kilograms for ordinary glass.



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PRICE 10 CENTS A COPY

OUT TODAY ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

Two Boys and a Treasure

— Or, —

LEFT ON A WATER-LOGGED SHIP

By F. A. HARDY

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XII.

The Two Villains.

Big Jess went on as if he did not hear a word the boy said, and filling the pail, Fred started back for the camp, keeping a watch and holding the revolver in his hand.

He neither saw nor heard anything from the four villains, and as he appeared in sight he found Jerry and Bob coming toward him.

"Thought maybe you had got lost," the boatswain said, showing considerable relief.

"I didn't get lost, but I made a discovery," the boy answered, as he hurried to meet them.

"A discovery!" Jerry echoed. "What do you mean?"

"Why, the captain, mate and Big Jess and Mike, the Portuguese, are here."

The boatswain stepped back aghast, while Jerry threw up his hand and acted as if he did not believe his chum.

"They're right up on that hill back there now," Fred declared, as he turned and pointed toward them. "They didn't know that the ship was wrecked on the reef. Big Jess was just going to thrash me, too. What do you think of that?"

"I was wondering what you had the revolver in your hand for," Jerry declared. "Well, this looks as though we are going to have something more in the way of adventures. Who would have thought that the ship would be wrecked on the island that this bunch of villains came to?"

Whether it had been planned that way or not, the captain and mate got into a boat with the two worst men of the crew.

The rest took another boat, and in a couple of hours after they left the water-logged ship they got apart.

While Steger was not what might be called a real bad man, he was one who would listen to the captain, and, consequently, do as he advised.

Captain Billings possessed few scruples, or he never would have deceived Fred Neville in taking him aboard the vessel at Tampa.

But really he was a villain at heart, and he always was on the lookout for gain, no matter who was injured by it.

Now that he had lost about all he had, he became imbued with the thought that he must make the best of it, and take all the advantage that he could.

Having a good supply of what was needed in the boat, he directed Big Jess and Mike as they rowed the boat along, while the mate sat in the bow and nodded his approval.

For three or four days the boat was buffeted about, and then land was sighted.

It was a small island, and the captain and mate knew it must belong to the group that lay between Porto Rico and the Lesser Antilles.

Not one of the four seemed to be a bit concerned about the rest of the crew, and certainly they care nothing as to what had happened to the two boys they had left aboard the water-logged ship.

Big Jess had reported that the boatswain refused to leave the ship, not letting them know what he had done to him, so they took it for granted that he was getting what he deserved if the hull foundered and took him down with it.

The four landed upon the island three days before the Keystone Belle broke in two upon the reef.

They explored it the second day, but found no one living upon it.

It was only a small island, anyhow—probably about six miles in length and three at its greatest width.

But it was a tropical island, abundant in fruits and with no end of game.

While the four rascals were not nearly as well supplied with guns to shoot game as were the boys and the boatswain, they could manage all right, and they got what they wanted, and a little more, the very first time they tried.

The place they had chosen for their camp overlooked the sea, but it happened that the high, wooded bluff shut off the reef the water-logged ship had struck upon, so they knew nothing of it until they came upon Fred Neville so unexpectedly.

When Big Jess climbed up and joined the captain, mate and Mike at the top of the hill, they were looking at the wreck, amazement showing on their faces.

So engrossed were the three that they hardly noticed the big sailor.

"He didn't lie, did he?" was Big Jess's comment.

"Lie? Why, no. The fact that Fred Neville is here proves what he said," the captain answered. "What were you saying to him, that you did not come on up with us?"

"I was telling him that I was goin' to git square with him for hittin' me that night in ther fore-castle, cap'n."

"You were telling him that, eh?"

"Yes."

"You didn't kill him, did you?" and Billings actually turned pale.

"I didn't do nothin' to him."

"I'll bet he wouldn't let you," the mate ventured.

"He was goin' to shoot me," the villainous sailor admitted.

"Oh!"

They all understood then.

Just then they caught sight of Jerry Knox and the boatswain coming along the beach.

Then a minute later they saw Fred walking along with the pail of water.

(To be continued.)

UPB

GOOD READING

CORELESS, SEEDLESS PEAR NOW

After seven years of experiment, J. B. Peden of Southmont, Pa., has perfected a seedless and coreless pear, the fruit being a product of several graftings and crossing of species. Of five modified trees in Mr. Peden's orchard one tree this year bore five bushels of coreless pears. The taste of the pears, it is said, is not impaired, and Mr. Peden believes his new fruit will prove particularly good for canning. He has sent specimens to the State and Federal Departments of Agriculture.

GREAT PELTS CARGO ARRIVES AT SEATTLE

Bringing the breath of the Northern seas, the cutter Bear arrived at Seattle, Wash., from points bordering on the Arctic with a cargo of seal skins, fox pelts, walrus tusks and hides, fish, ivory and other typical products of the region.

A total of 7,566 fur-seal skins packed in barrels represented the last of the killings on St. Paul and St. George Islands of the Pribilof group up to Aug. 5. Another batch of skins amounting to nearly 20,000 will arrive on the Victoria late this month. The fox pelts were the last of the previous winter's take.

Blue fox reared by the Government on these islands are profit, living on the seal carcasses and beach food throughout the year. The arrival there of the Bear is an event, because of the usual circus of mascots picked up. This year's menagerie is no exception.

There was a mitsi, or Kamchatka brown bear cub; a tame Arctic fox, some Mongolian cats, a seal kitten, Anidyr malamute dogs, a tame penquin and a reindeer calf.

IT'S THE LADY GNATS THAT BITE

Summer is past and perhaps the many little discomforts that it always brings have been forgotten, for the time being, but it is interesting to note that one of the little summer pests bears out the statement that "the female is deadlier than the male." We refer to the gnat, most pestiferous of insects. It is the lady gnat that so annoys us every summer with her bites. The male gnats are the butterflies of the species and spend their time dancing about through the air, rising and falling and gliding about while their better halves are searching for food. We have all the sympathy in the world for the hard-working lady gnat, but we do object to her selection of ourselves as an article of gnat diet.

Gnats live naturally on vegetables, sucking out the juices, but some of them have displayed a preference for human blood. In the tropics it is necessary to sleep under gnat-proof nets, for there the little pests carry diseases from one person to another.

The life history of the gnat is quite interesting. The young gnat lives in the water, a hungry little insect, that eats its own weight in food many times each day. It is equipped with a tiny brush near its mouth with which it sweeps the food in with remarkable rapidity. It gradually changes

form until it becomes an ablong little creature that bobs around in the water. After a time spent in this way, it comes to the surface, opens, and out flies a gnat, ready for its pursuit of happiness or food, according to its sex.

THERE ARE MANY BIRDS AND BEASTS THE ZOO WOULD WELCOME

It was reported recently that protographs have been obtained of a notornia, an almost unknown flightless bird, of which only four specimens have ever been secured. There are many other birds and beasts in various parts of the world which have never been caught nor photographed and which the various zoological societies would pay tidy sums for. There is a nameless creature supposed to be living in the Andes Mountains that has so far escaped capture. Various travelers have brought back tales about it and many expeditions have been organized, but so far their efforts to capture it have been futile. Bones and other remains have been discovered giving evidence of its existence, and these point to its classification in the rat family, but indicate that its size is that of a grown dog.

Another animal known to exist in certain parts of the Congo has been named the okapi and was discovered about twenty years ago by Sir Harry Johnston, a British explorer and traveler. The discovery of bones and a complete hide proved the okapi to be an unknown animal, apparently a cross between the giraffe and zebra. The mylodon, a species of the ground sloth, is still another creature that is at large. Some years ago Hesketh Prichard, British author and hunter, led an expedition into Patagonia in search of this beast. The trip was unsuccessful, however.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

GOOD AMPLIFIERS

The UV-199 gives as good results as a detector and amplifier as the UV-200 and UV-201.

RADIO AND THE FISHERMEN

Herring fishermen off the Swedish coast are being kept posted on the location of schools of fish by radio telephone. These tips on the whereabouts of the herring have resulted in an increase of efficiency on the part of the fishing crews. On an average they return with a hold filled with fish more often than they have done before the installation of radio. Germany, it will be recalled, was the first country to make extensive use of radio in connection with fishing operations. However, the German application of radio was limited to radio telegraphy, and called for a knowledge of the telegraph code on the part of the fishermen making use of the service.

HONEYCOMB COILS

In using honeycomb coils it will be necessary to obtain one of the stands or mounts for these coils. These mounts are so arranged that the primary and tickler coil can be adjusted in their relative position to the secondary coil, which is stationary. This is a very important adjustment in honeycomb coil sets.

A circuit in which each state of audio frequency is reflected; that is "turned back in the same direction whence it came," through the tubes in the same order as the radio frequency is called a straight reflex.

Wave length range of a receiving set has nothing to do with the receiving range. When a set is said to be a long wave receiver it means that the tuner will respond to high wave lengths.

WIRELESS TELEPHONY AND TELEGRAPHY COMPARED

This is an abstract of a report of a sub-committee of the Radio Research Board of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. The possibility of establishing satisfactory radio telephone communication on a commercial basis for a distance of 3,000 miles or more is considered to be remote. The power for radio telephone service is estimated to be from 3 to 20 times greater than that at present considered necessary for similar radio telegraph services for the same range. For medium ranges, say 1,000 miles, the difficulty as regards a commercial service are practically the same as those for longer distances. The position as regards short-distance communication (200 miles or under) is considered to be more hopeful. The conditions requisite for a commercial service are enumerated and the extent to which these can be met is stated.

BUY WITH CARE

When purchasing parts for a radio set, keep away from irresponsible concerns and you will be well repaid for paying a few cents more to an established responsible dealer, who could not afford to stoop to trickery to make a sale.

1. Be sure that you have no crossed wires or short circuits.

2. Batteries must be in perfect condition.

3. Good insulating materials must be used throughout.

4. Keep as shy as possible of grid connections.

5. Avoid capacity effects between grid and plate circuits.

6. Avoid coupling between transformers. Do not mount them too close together, they should be three or four inches apart.

7. It is essential to have a good ground connection and a properly insulated antenna. It is a good plan to satisfy yourself that all connections are right, and mechanically and electrically perfect by tracing same from antenna over to antenna tubes, transformers, batteries to the ground.

AMATEURS BEAT THE SUN

Amateur radio operators virtually beat the sun across the continent during the recent daylight tests, when a message started promptly at dawn on the east coast reached Los Angeles, Cal., before the sun appeared above the Pacific horizon.

Striking the dark belt near the middle of the country, favorable conditions were met which made the transcontinental trip possible in one hour and twenty-five minutes, with only two intermediate station relays.

An early start with the rising sun clinched the laurels for D. McR. Parsley, operator of amateur station 4FT, at Wilmington, N. C., according to advices received by the American Radio Relay League from California recently. The average daylight range for amateur transmitting stations is 100 miles.

HINTS FOR RADIO USERS

When winding coils, be sure that turns do not overlap and that they are wound tight and evenly. Do not use insulating varnish or shellac on winding. Solder all connections, but be careful not to use too much soldering flux, as it is bound to cause you trouble in the end. After soldering wipe away the surplus flux.

See that tubes are making good contact. It is a good stunt to scrape lightly the prongs in sockets. Use the proper size grid-leak and grid condensers for whichever tubes you use. Any reliable dealer will gladly give you this information.

Do not use cheap materials offered by unreliable, inexperienced, fly-by-night concerns. It is the policy of these concerns to offer parts for a circuit, but upon investigation it was found the parts offered for sale were hardly worthy of their name, due to extreme cheapness and lack of ability on the part of their makers, which shows no engineering ability or knowledge of the most fundamental principles of governing radio communications, and their crime being the substitution of apparatus or parts, particularly grid-leaks, condensers and transformers.

RADIO IN MINE RESCUE WORK

In the near future radio telephony will probably play an important part in the work of colliery rescue parties. As the rescuers carry out their duties, constant communication will be kept up with those directing operations from the base. That is the object underlying a series of experiments being conducted at Ashington Colliery in England. A considerable measure of success has already attended their efforts, and quite recently speech and music were successfully received underground. A party equipped with a three-tube receiving set descended the shaft of the Carl Pit, and fixed a 20-foot aerial on the balks supporting the roof. Only one head phone was used, but so clear was the reception that the five men composing the party all heard distinctly. Experiments have already been carried out to depths of 300 yards, and it is expected to test reception at depths of 1,000 yards.

RETRANSMISSION OF TIME SIGNALS

Several broadcasting stations, among them WJZ, New York, and WOC, Davenport, Iowa, retransmit the time signals radiated by Station NAA, Arlington, Va. The time signals are received by WJZ direct from Arlington by radio. The time ticks are then passed through a transformer, two power amplifiers, modulating tubes and the remainder of the transmitting apparatus to the aerial.

The signals picked up by listeners are exactly the same as if heard direct from Arlington. Time signals are broadcast by NAA twice daily at 11:55 a. m. to noon and from 9:55 p. m. to 10 p. m., Eastern Standard Time. The signals consist of a series of dots, each dot representing a second. Transmission is begun at 11:55 a. m. and twenty-nine seconds are transmitted. The thirtieth second of each minute is omitted to make clear the passing of the half minute. Twenty-five dots are then broadcast and the last five seconds of the minute are omitted to signify the end of that minute and the beginning of the next. The last ten seconds of the last minute of the hour are omitted, and at noon and 10 p. m. a long dash indicates the exact time.

TIME SIGNALS AND GEOGRAPHERS.

Radio was used to send Standard Time signals 8,000 miles to a geological survey party which has just finished its field work in Alaska, after establishing seven triangulation stations on the coast between Dixon's Entrance and Skagway. Cable and land lines were not available, but by special arrangements the navy, through its station NSS, Annapolis, Md., flashed time signals every morning from 3:55 to 4 o'clock. The work is now complete and NSS has stopped sending out the time signals at that hour.

A special radio receiving set equipped with an automatic chronograph made it possible to record simultaneously both the second ticks of Annapolis time signals and the ticks of the field clock. The record was made in saw-toothed lines on a revolving drum. The accuracy required being too close for detection by ear, a written record was necessary, and by this system errors of only two or three thousandth of a second were included. Radio carried the time signals at the speed of sun-

light, yet there was lag amounting to about one or two hundredths of a second in the 3,000-mile flight from Maryland to Alaska.

It is expected that radio time signals will be used in the near future to establish exact longitudes and the Hertzian waves may enter into the calculations to determine whether or not continents and islands move east or west. It is stated by some authorities that heretofore longitudinal bearings have been made far too inaccurate. With radio time this will be obviated, more accurate data can be secured and movements of known spots on the earth's surface noted if thirty feet or more. Some geographers contend that Greenwich has moved westward as much as three miles, but this cannot be disputed scientifically until exact longitudinal bearings taken several years apart are available. Radio time signals will help obtain reliable observations.

DIFFERENCE IN TUBES

There are two types of tubes, those which operate with a storage battery and those which require one or more dry cells. The chief advantage of the dry-cell tube is that it eliminates the expense of a storage battery and the trouble of having it recharged. The results obtained with both types of tubes are about equal. If dry-cell tubes are used, their sockets should be mounted on sponge rubber or springs to prevent ringing sounds caused by jars which vibrate the elements of the tube and create the disturbing noise. It is a good idea in purchasing a complete set which employs dry-cell tubes to make sure that the sockets are mounted in cushion supports.

Radio is not yet standardized, and it will be several years before radio sets will be arranged in classes according to quality and price as the automobile is to-day. The radio business withstood the summer slump much better than was expected, and far better than it did during the summer of 1922. The outlook for the coming winter season is very good, and correspondence indicates that purchasing of complete sets will be more popular during the approaching radio season than the assembling of sets at home. Reflex circuits, tuned radio frequency and more complex circuits are for the experimenter and the one who is familiar with radio. The standard regenerative detector and two-stage audio frequency amplifier is still the reliable circuit for those who wish to assemble a set for dependable service. A well-designed detector and two-stage audio set, properly installed, will pick up the majority of high-power broadcasting stations in the United States, and a loud speaker can be used on nearby stations. The simpler a circuit the easier it is to control, and there is less opportunity for something to go wrong.

There is no doubt that radio has come to stay. It has done much good and unites the people of the earth; it carries religious service and entertainment to persons out to direct contact with the Church and theatre; it amuses the sick and shut-ins besides its many other useful purposes. High-grade apparatus does not deteriorate in value as quickly as cheap instruments. The general public is fast becoming educated in the theory and practical side of radio, and many of them are now quick to recognize that cheaply built sets soon become obsolete.

WORK AND WIN

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

BRICKLAYER SAVED \$4,000 QUICKLY

John Rutherford, 50 years old, a bricklayer who came to New York fifteen months ago from Bridgeport, Conn., where he lived at 168 Beach street, fell dead on the sidewalk in front of 685 Third avenue about 6 o'clock the other morning. Later, when being identified at Bellevue Hospital, a bank book was found in his pocket which showed \$4,000 in deposits, beginning fifteen months ago.

YOUNG GIRL KILLED BY PEANUT

Helen Ruth, seven years old, daughter of Charles Robinson of Iron River, died in a hospital and suffocation caused by a peanut lodged in the bronchial tube. All efforts by her parents and doctors to extricate it were unsuccessful and she was brought to Marquette, Mich., in the hope that an X-ray photograph would help, but the peanut was too soft to register on the plate and the girl died.

ANIMALS' EYES

No two animals have eyes exactly alike. In every case they are adapted to the special needs of their owners.

The eyes of flesh-eating creatures are closer together than those of vegetarians. This is said to be due to the habit which the former have of fixing their gaze on their victims before springing. Human eyes are closer together than those of any other creature that eats flesh.

Tigers, lions, cats and others of the same family are unable to see at great distances, but for objects near at hand their sight is very keen. Lions and tigers have round pupils, which grow bigger when the animal is angry.

Cats have pupils which can be dilated enormously. In the dark, or when the cat is angry, the pupils look almost round. In the first case, what little light there is is reflected by the retina, which is the explanation of the fact that a cat's eyes look green at night.

Animals that live on grass have large eyes, placed as a rule at the sides. This gives a wide range of vision and enables the creatures to watch for danger while cropping grass.

PREDICTS FEW SNOWSTORMS UNTIL FEBRUARY

William O. Altman of Kane, Pa., weather seer, whose advice is said to have been sought frequently in the past by Weather Bureau officials in Washington, made his forecast for the coming winter. Here it is:

Nov. 15 to Dec. 31, cold rains and snows, without any extensive snowfall indicated, although there will be some severe cold weather.

Jan. 1 to Feb. 15, the open part of winter will occur, with warm rains and thunder storms, growing colder toward the end of that period.

Feb. 15 to March 31, cold weather with sleet and snowstorms will rule. There will be numerous snowstorms from the Northwest.

The birds and wild animals of the woods aid Altman in his prophesies. He also relies greatly on the much despised caterpillar. "Watch the birds in the air and the crawling things under foot and you won't go far wrong," is his way of telling how he reaches his conclusions.

The old woodsman complained that he had "been pestered continually with queries for information, and Weather Bureau officials at Washington wanted some of it as well as others."

LAUGHS

Mrs. Backmedders—What's them numbers on the autermobile fer, Hiram? Mr. Backmedders—Why, that's the feller's score. It shows how many folks he's run over.

Floor Walker—Hurry out, madam! The store's afire. Mrs. Bargains—Oh, is it? Then I'll just wait for the fire sale.

"Strike three," said the umpire. "Batter out!" "Whad d'ye mean, out?" protested the batter. "Yuh big stiff, that last one was a mile outside." "You're fined ten dollars," said the umpire. "Do you understand that?" "Sure, I get you now. Money talks."

"Papa is the captain of our ship and mamma is the pilot." "And what are you, my little man?" "I guess I must be the compass. They're always boxing me."

"There is one thing I can never understand," said the patient-looking woman, "and that is why a man who has been sitting with a crowd all afternoon at a baseball game will come home and say that the noise of the children makes him nervous."

Adjutant (inspecting barracks)—Suppose the barracks were to catch fire, what would you do? Bugler—Sound the bugle, sir. Adjutant—And what call would you give? Bugler—Cease fire, sir.

Bobbie's mother had just taken out her winter garments. "Ma," said the observant little fellow, "what did moths live on before Adam and Eve wore clothes?"

INTERESTING ARTICLES

A WONDERFUL PARADISE

The way in which the departed Scandinavian heroes passed their time in Valhalla, or in the palace of Odin, is described in several places in the Edda.

They have every day the pleasure of arming themselves, marshaling themselves in military order, engaging in battle and being all cut to pieces; but when the stated hour of repast arrives their bodies are reunited and they return on horseback safe to the hall of banquet, where they feed heartily on the flesh of a boar and drink beer out of the skulls of their enemies until they are in a state of intoxication.

Odin sits by himself at a particular table. The heroes are served by the beautiful virgins named Valkirie, who officiate as their cupbearers. But the pleasures of love do not enter at all into the joys of the extraordinary paradise.

WAR GOD'S TEMPLE UNEARTHED IN BABYLON

Traces of structures erected during an early Babylonian period that are expected to add greatly to the known history of that time and to rival in importance the discoveries in the tomb of King Tutankhamen at Luxor, Egypt, have been found in Mesopotamia by the expedition of an American museum. Already stamped bricks of Samsuiluna, seventh King of the first Babylonian dynasty (2030-2043 B. C.), have been unearthed and translated, as well as tablets inscribed during the reign of Samula-llu, the second King of that time (2211-2176 B. C.), and the temple built by him to the war god Ilbaba. Experts regard those preliminary finds as proof that the excavators have approached strata that conceal remains of the earliest Babylonian civilization. They expect to find many relics of historical value later.

NATIONAL FOREST RECEIPTS SHOW BIG GAIN FOR YEAR

Receipts from national forest resources during the fiscal year of 1923 totaled \$5,835,818, according to the final tabulation made by the Department of Agriculture. This amount is greater than the receipts for any previous year and is about \$1,000,000 larger than the average annual receipts for the preceding five years.

Sales of timber and live stock grazing permits were responsible for most of the money received, although permits for the use of national forest lands for summer homes and hotels and for other recreational uses figured in the total to a greater extent than ever before.

By authority of the Acts of Congress governing receipts from national forest resources the sum of \$1,321,423 will be paid to the States containing national forests for the use of the school and road funds of the counties embracing national forest lands.

MYSTERY SHIP IN ICEBERG

For centuries mystery ships have sailed the seas, guided only by the winds of chance. One of

them was found by a steamer captain rounding the Horn recently, according to a writer in *Popular Mechanics*. While groping his way into the open, a gigantic mass of ice carrying a large three-masted schooner, with its boats still in the clefts, was sighted. Efforts were made to find the survivors, but no trace of them was discovered. Another sea tragedy was added to the already long list of those as yet unsolved when a Greenland whaler came upon a strange looking derelict, battered and weather-worn, apparently built in the last century and icebound for years. A boarding crew found in the cabin the body of a young woman, preserved by the Arctic frosts. Near a long dead fire was the remains of a young man, still holding a flint and steel.

DRY BREAD AND WATER FOR BOOT-LEGGERS

County Judge Orville Chatt of Tekamah, Neb., has a special diet for bootleggers convicted in his court. It is dry bread and cold water. The bread is extra dry. The sheriff is instructed this means bread that has been baked for several days. Sixty to ninety days is the regulation punishment for the rum runners brought before him. For the first fifteen days he prescribes bread and water, and if it is a sixty-day sentence the last fifteen are on this diet. If it is a ninety-day sentence it begins and ends with a fifteen-day period when this is all the food the prisoner gets.

Judge Chatt says it is quite essential that when the man gets out he goes with the recollection of just having completed a fifteen-day round of bread and water. No second offenders have yet been before his court, and the only bootleggers arrested in months following this sort of sentence were a pair who traveled with a carnival company.

BED OF THE HUDSON FALLS, CAVING IN

Three minutes after a southbound train filled with commuters on the New York Central at 2.30 A. M. the other day passed a point two miles south of Garrison, N. Y., where four tracks are being laid, 400 feet of the roadbed slid into the Hudson. Only one track of the old roadbed was left secure and all trains were stopped for a time. Then the single track was shored and trains were switched north and south over it, while others were sent over the Harlem Division.

Some of the engineers ascribed the slide to a falling away of the river bed. Soundings made in the river forty feet from the bank showed 238 feet and efforts to reach bottom further out failed. Divers were sent for to ascertain what happened to the river, and barges loaded with stone were sent to attempt to fill in the hole.

A work train composed of an engine and flat cars was carried away with the filled ground.

The Twentieth Century, south-bound, and the Empire State Express, north-bound, were among the trains held up. At one time there were seventeen trains stalled.

HERE AND THERE

ODDITIES

Twelve years ago in Orange County, Va., a man caught a small turtle and for an experiment placed it in a box, closing the lid tightly. He intended to open the box within a week, but forgot it. It was opened recently. The turtle was still living and was practically the same size as when placed in the box.

For the first time in hundreds of years the rules of the courts of Japan, China, India and Egypt were broken recently when Judge Jean H. Norris, New York's only woman judge, was allowed to occupy the judicial bench of those countries.

The first alarm clock made its appearance in 1420, and its owner was a councillor of Milan, Italy. His clock sounded a bell at a stated hour and at the same time a little wax candle was lighted automatically.

The picture theatres in Japan are so constructed that the screen divides them into two parts, Europeans sitting on the side from which the picture is produced and the natives on the other.

The English city of Leeds proposes to use street railways to transport coal direct from the mines to the factories and other consumers in the city.

CALIFORNIA'S SMALLEST CITY

Coran, Shask County, the smallest incorporated city in California, and once a popular mining camp, with a population of twenty-four, of whom nine are men, has eight offices to fill at the coming municipal election in April. One of the men, C. W. Barker, at present a city trustee, is also justice of the peace. He will not seek re-election. Every man in the city will be an office-holder unless some of the women could be induced to accept municipal honors.

10,000 POUNDS OF PECANS

As a sample of the pecan crop of Thomas County this year, Dr. A. D. Little of Thomasville, Ga., expects to gather from 300 trees on a small farm owned by him 10,000 pounds of well-matured nuts. The nuts are of the Frother variety and the trees are well loaded. There are 500 trees in the orchard, but only 300 are yet at the bearing stage. From all sections of the county and from the grove just out of town reports come of heavy crops, with the nuts beginning to fall.

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GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO

The Grand Canyon of Colorado is one of the wonders of the world, but it has been as yet very imperfectly explored. The Geologic Survey is now starting another exploration on a larger scale.

The Grand Canyon section of the Colorado was first crossed in 1776 by Father Escalante, a Spanish missionary. Little development took place in the basin, however, until it became a part of the United States, near the middle of the last century. Prior to the Civil War the 300 miles from the mouth of the river to the Needles had been explored, and a few small steamers plied a somewhat uncertain trade on these lower reaches. In 1869 Major Powell made his trip of exploration by boat through the 1,000 miles or more of river and canyon from what is now the railroad station of Green River, Wyo., to the mouth of the Virgin River, Ariz. At that time there were rumors of great waterfalls, passages of the river through underground tunnels, and other like terrors. Powell disproved these rumors and, although his party encountered dangerous rapids and smashed one boat, no lives were lost on the river.

SHORTAGE OF PLUMBERS

The peak demand for bricklayers and plasterers has been passed and now there is a marked shortage of plumbers and steamfitters, according to reports to the New York Building Trades Employers' Association - by the Heating and Piping Contractors' Association and Plumbing Contractors' Association.

Bricklayers who were getting a minimum of \$14 and as high as \$20 a day during the summer passed their heyday about August 1. Then began the shortage of plasterers and tile layers, who, by reason of their employers' excessive bidding for men, were able to command wages up to \$14 and \$16 a day, while the bricklayers' wage sank to the official rate of \$12 a day for eight hours' work.

A few weeks ago, with the finishing of apartment houses for occupancy October 1, the market for plasterers and tile layers slumped heavily and wages came down to the official rate of \$12 for plasterers and \$10 for tile layers.

Now the plumbers and steamfitters are in clover and command several dollars over the established rate of \$10 a day, some as high as \$12.

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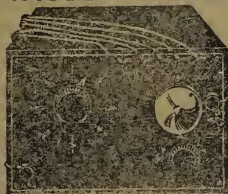
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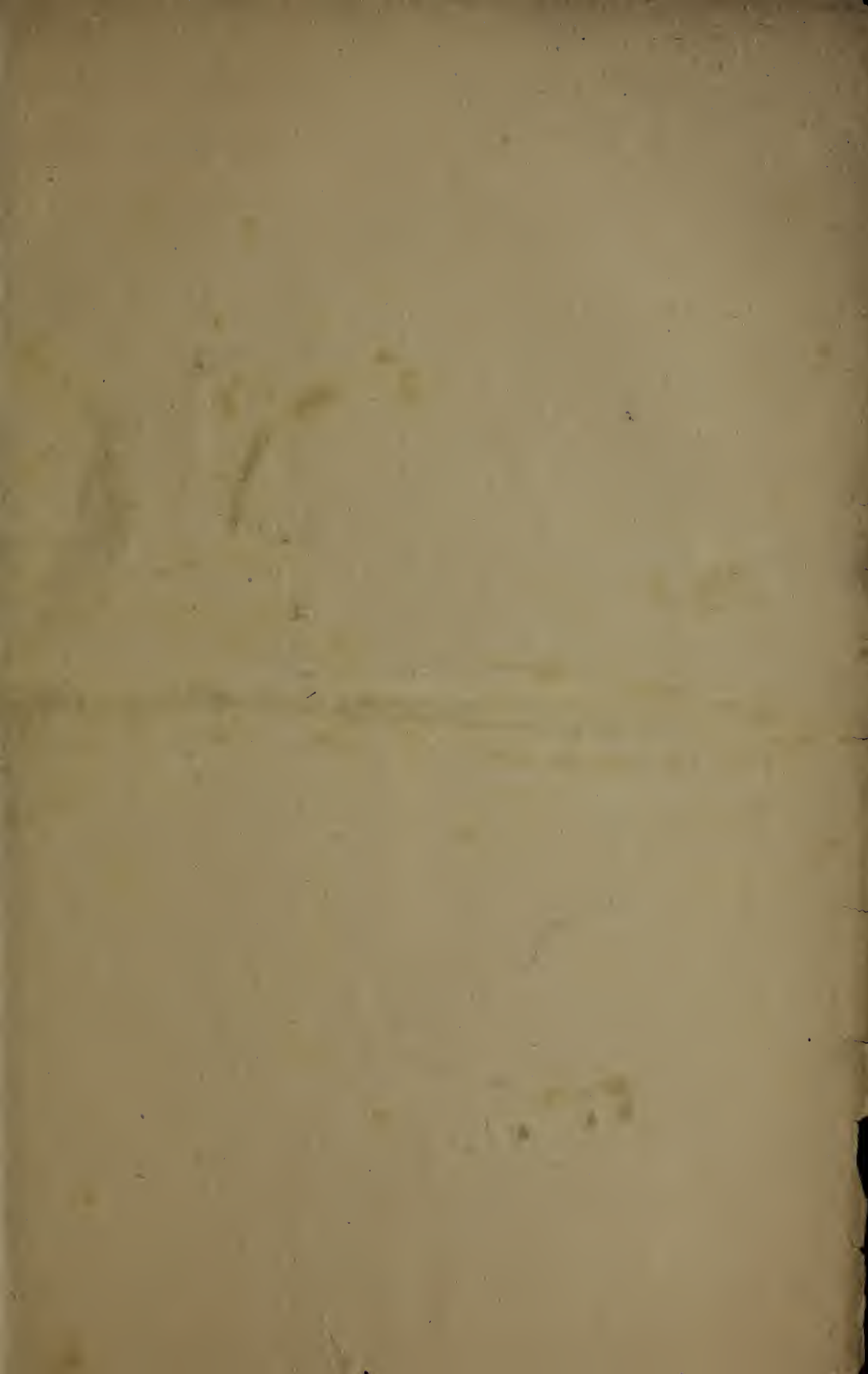
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